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CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

The Editors of THE BOOKMAN *cannot undertake to return rejected manuscripts, whether stamps are enclosed or not; and to this rule no exception will be made.*

A great deal of discussion, both in the press and in private conversation, has arisen during the summer over the resignation of President Andrews of Brown University, and over the peculiar circumstances which attended it. The whole subject really falls under two distinct and separate heads, which should not be confounded as they usually are. The first has to do with the special and purely personal controversy raised by this particular case, in which we have no desire here to share. Our understanding is, however, that Dr. Andrews was in no sense "forced out" of the presidency of Brown. The Trustees of that institution merely asked him in a friendly way to consider whether his course in actively advocating certain financial and political doctrines was wholly consistent with a regard for the best interests of the University; and Dr. Andrews replied to this request by sending in his resignation, which was subsequently accepted.

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The really serious question suggested by the incident is one involving a principle of very great importance. It is brought forward in a paper signed by twenty-three instructors of Brown University, who protest earnestly against any attempt to interfere with the right of an academic teacher to advocate and promulgate any opinion which his investigations have led him to regard as sound. They consider the attempt to limit such a right as inherently dangerous to scholarship and to the exercise of that intellectual freedom which is the very life of the modern university, and without which there can be no truly original work accomplished. We sympathise most cordially with the spirit of this protest so far as concerns the statement of a general principle, though we wish these gentlemen could have stated it in less involved and ponderous English. Any other view than theirs, if generally held and acted on, would plunge all higher scholarship once more into the narrowness and bigotry of mediævalism. But when one comes to apply the principle to the case of a university president it does not wholly seem to fit. For the case of a university president is very sharply to be distinguished from the case of a university professor. For twenty years it has been more and more generally accepted as a truth that such a president is not primarily to be regarded as a teacher. It is true that in many of our colleges and universities the presidency is coupled with a chair in the academic faculty; and there are some presidents, even in our larger institutions, who still actually teach; yet, in the main, such work as this is coming every year to be more and more perfunctory, and the really important duties are almost wholly executive and administrative.

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It is, to be sure, only a limited view of his office that leads some persons to speak of the modern college president as essentially and necessarily a "business man." The peculiar qualities needed for success in such a position are rarer and more varied than those that ensure success in commerce. Yet the business element is there and must be reckoned with. A great university president, in fact, is

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many things—he is an expert in education, a clear-headed and practical administrator, a diplomat, a judge ; and he regards his office not as a pulpit for the promulgation of his personal opinions, nor as a public stage for the display of his personal talents, but as a sacred trust to be held by him for the permanent welfare of the institution over which he temporarily presides. Hence he will seek always to add to the number of its friends and to enhance the zeal and enthusiasm of its alumni, to create and foster harmony, and not to inject into the serene atmosphere of pure thought the dust and fog of political or religious controversy. The individual professors will work and study, and will teach such views as their special research provides for them ; they will perhaps revel in intellectual combat and fling the darts of scholarly polemic, but the president will stand above and beyond them, holding the balance even and typifying to the world at large at once the fine detachment and the catholic sympathy of one who is more than an individual, since he represents the work and the interests of all.

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There are, of course, some university presidents who confer upon their institutions fully as much distinction as they receive from their academic office. But these are few. As a rule, their special importance lies mainly in the fact just mentioned—that they are representative men who, when they speak, are thought to speak with all the authority that can come from the whole body of specialists over whom they preside, and to utter the thought of the university rather than of the individual man. Hence it is that while such a president will never for a moment conceal or garble any view whatever that he honestly entertains, he will not, as a matter of sound judgment and common sense, enter upon the eager propaganda of opinions alien to his proper work and that are the subject of bitter controversy in his own particular locality or in the nation as a whole. As he is held to speak in the name of his university, all the resentment, anger, and dislike that his utterances may arouse will be vented not upon him as a single scholar, but upon the university. Instead of making friends for it he will make it enemies. Instead of proving to it a source of strength and unity he will inevitably weaken its resources and fill its halls with discord. And if he do this, however honest his intentions, he is false to the great trust that he has so solemnly assumed ; and it is the duty of those in whom the ultimate power rests to take such action as will bring him to a sense of error. The teacher may and must be free, but the university president, from the very conditions of his task, is subject to the same restraints as those that limit the great statesman when in high office—the restraints that teach him to subordinate all personal considerations to the interests committed to his care.

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This question of freedom to think and decide for one's self is also suggested by a report that is going about to the effect that the Librarian of the Boston Public Library refuses to allow any person of anarchistic sympathies access to books that tend to encourage anarchic doctrine. This intelligence, if true, gives rise to some rather interesting queries. How does the Librarian determine whether or not an intending reader is anarchistically inclined? By his clothes? By the length of his hair? By a strawberry mark? By a written examination? And isn't the restriction directed against the wrong persons? A fully fledged anarchist is just the one individual who is certain not to be harmed by reading anarchical tracts. And again, why not let anarchists sit in the library and read anything they like? When they are reading, they are reading, and you know what they are up to ; which is more than can be said of them at any other time. And if they get into the habit of frequenting libraries, maybe they can be gently and imperceptibly led into reading other writers than Karl Marx and Stepniak. A judicious librarian with plenty of tact might succeed in luring them into a taste for Marie Corelli ; and we are sure that the most bloodthirsty bomb-thrower after a course of this sort of reading would become innocuously imbecile. Finally, if any class of books must be forbidden to them, we suggest that works on high explosives are the ones to be placed upon the Index Expurgatorius. As a matter of fact, we shall probably not be classed among the followers of Herr Most if we say that this sort of censorship in libraries, and espe-

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cially in public libraries, is oppressive, objectionable, and absurd. If logically carried out we shall presently have free-trade librarians forbidding protectionists to peruse the works of Greeley and Thompson ; and in the West, free-silver librarians will put the writings of Mr. Horace White under lock and key.

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The Lowell Lectures, which Prince Serge Wolkonsky delivered in 1896, on *Pictures of Russian History and Russian Literature*, have now been published in book form by Messrs. Lamson, Wolffe and Company. They are exceedingly original and vivacious in style. The prince, it appears, has a poor idea of the average English and American conception of Russia. He mentions an American girl who frankly confessed that she did not like Russian love novels representing Russian life. She thought the things they pictured were not original enough and lacked local colour. She much preferred English novels about Russia ; they were so much more "Russian," with their snow, wolves, police agents, and the threatening prospect of Siberia in the background. Of Dostoievsky Prince Wolkonsky speaks with especial warmth. "The light left behind by Dostoievsky is one of the purest that shine on this earth. It is one of the most precious legacies bequeathed by man to future generations." Of Peter the Great he speaks with enthusiasm, and quotes a Russian historian who says :

"Peter the Great is the last and greatest *hero*. Only Christianity and proximity to our own times have saved us (and this only to a certain extent) from a religious worshipping of this demigod and from recitals about the exploits of this Hercules. He is a hero in the antique sense ; he is in modern times the only specimen of this gigantic nature of which we see so many in the misty distances of ages at the foundation and formation of human societies."

On another page we print a review of Waliszewski's great work on Peter the Great recently published by the Messrs. Appleton.

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We understand that Messrs. Lamson, Wolffe and Company will continue to be Mr. Bliss Carman's publishers in future, notwithstanding the fact that Mr. Carman has gone into the publishing business himself. His new volume, *Ballads of Lost Haven*, which has just been published, is reviewed on another page.

Mr. M. A. De Wolfe Howe's eighth paper in the "American Bookmen" series has been held over until next month. The subject will be "Emerson and Concord."

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We learn from Messrs. Copeland and Day that they have in press a volume of verse by Mr. Howe which will be published shortly. It is entitled *Shadows*, and something of its import and significance may be gathered from the following lines culled from advance sheets :

"Joy and love and sorrow fare
By the roadway all men share ;
Fleet of foot they pass us by,
Yet their image lingers nigh.

"How may shadow truly stay
When the substance goes its way?
Bind it captive into speech,
Words and shadow, each with each ;
Bid them blend into a song.
So these shadows rest—how long?"

❀

Messrs. Copeland and Day will publish immediately *Memorial Day, and Other Poems*, by Richard Burton. Mr. Burton has been for many years the literary editor of the Hartford *Courant*, and has been associated with Mr. Charles Dudley Warner on his great project, the *Library of the World's Best Literature*. *Dumb in June*, his first volume of verse, was also the first volume published in the Oaten Stop Series, and has had an unusually kind reception, being now in its fourth edition. These poems were mostly lyrical, but the volume which now succeeds them covers a broader field and makes a wider appeal. The initial poem, as its title suggests, is a burst of patriotism which appeared in *Harper's Weekly* in the spring with a full-page illustration by Kenyon Cox, and which attracted a good deal of attention at the time.

❀

The Falcon of Langéac, by Isabel Whitely, is now in its third edition, and Miss Guiney's *Patrins* has just gone into a second edition. Messrs. Copeland and Day, who publish these books, have in press a volume entitled *Harvard Episodes*, by Charles Macomb Flandrau. The book is unlike anything that has appeared in the usual collection of college stories. In a series of short, vivid sketches the author has drawn the modern Harvard man as he is, not as he has been or as he ought to be.

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The Messrs. Harper and Brothers, in the course of the next few weeks, will publish in their Contemporary Essayists Series a volume of essays by Professor Harry Thurston Peck, under the general title *The Personal Equation*. The book is chiefly one of literary criticism, but touches also upon certain political and educational questions that are of contemporaneous interest. It contains, in all, twelve papers.

❀

The piece of manuscript written by the late William Morris, reproduced herewith from the *Young Woman* (London), contains a brief summary of his views upon women entering the labour market. It was written for Mrs. Tooley, an exceedingly clever English interviewer, who prizes it very much, and who contributes on another page an interview with Sir Walter Besant on his new scheme for a Women's Labour Bureau. One of the best books dealing with the Victorian era, entitled *The Personal Life of Queen Victoria*, has been written by her, and is a good example of her ability to get at the heart of a subject, and bring it home to the reader with all the charm of a clear and forcible literary style.

Sir Walter Besant is busy completing a number of articles dealing with South London, which the proprietors of the *Pall Mall Magazine* recently commissioned him to write, to follow his admirable series on Westminster, which they published in their magazine some little time ago, and which subsequently appeared in book form.

❀

Admirers of Marie Corelli will look forward to the publication of the *Marie Corelli Birthday Book*, which is being handsomely made. This book will contain the first portrait of Miss Corelli which has appeared. The publishers have found her most reluctant to break through her rule of allowing no portrait of herself to appear anywhere. Miss Corelli recognised, however, that for a birthday book a portrait was almost necessary. The book will be illustrated by twelve full-page drawings of Miss Corelli's heroines.

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The serial publication of a new story by Mr. Pemberton, entitled *A Woman of Kronstadt*, begins in the January number of the *Windsor Magazine* in England, and *Munsey's Magazine* in America.

❀

The publication of M. Daudet's new novel, *Soutien de Famille*, a work on which he has been engaged for a considerable time, is indefinitely postponed. It is, of course, an open secret that the author of *Jack* has drawn very extensively on contemporary history for the plots of his various novels, and it is understood that *Soutien de Famille* contains the life history of two well-known Parisians. He has in this instance decided not to publish the book during the lifetime of his hero.

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The novels of Lord Lytton are always in

There are in the present non-socialist state of things two ~~wages~~ scales of wages for women employed in the handicrafts or manufacture: one scale is confessedly inadequate to their livelihood, the wage paid is only a ~~part~~ part of that earned by the whole family. The other scale assumes a livelihood, but is ~~sometimes~~ perhaps always, certainly most often, below what would be paid to a male worker; so that women would not as a rule be employed at all, if their wages were not lower than those of males. This means that the necessities of the women are used ~~and~~ for the purpose of reducing the wages of males, and has a serious effect in keeping all wages down. The cheapening this to be inevitable under a non-Socialist system.

On the other hand under a socialist system the economical position of women would be the same as that of men; and as opportunity would be afforded to all persons for doing the work most suitable to them, women would take their places in production according to their capacities, whatever these might turn out to be in a state of things so much improved from our present conditions.

FAC-SIMILE OF A PIECE OF THE LATE WILLIAM MORRIS'S MANUSCRIPT.

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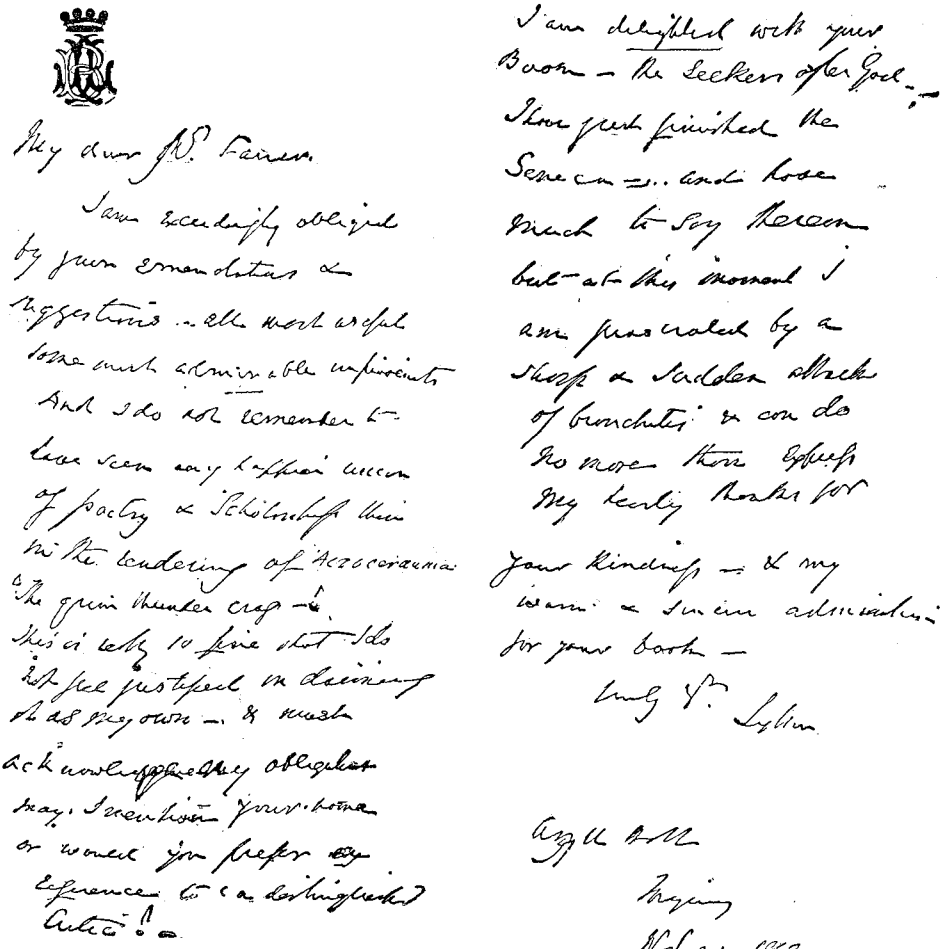

FAC-SIMILE OF A LETTER FROM LORD LYTTON.

favour, perhaps more generally in favour with all classes of readers than those of any other novelist. The New Amsterdam Book Company has had a new edition of his novels, to be issued in twenty-eight volumes, under preparation for some time, and has now ready *The Last of the Barons* in two volumes, *Rienzi*, and *The Caxtons*, each in one volume, and each with a photogravure frontispiece from a painting by J. Steeple Davis, made especially for this edition. Binding, type, and paper are excellent, and the price ($1.25 per volume) is cheap enough to make the edition popular and acceptable.

The first Lord Lytton has been more universally known as Sir Edward Bulwer, or Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, under which names many of his most famous novels appeared. One of the earliest of his novels to arouse attention was *Eugene Aram*, a subject which was, it is said, suggested to him by the fact that the wretched murderer had been a tutor in the family of his grandfather. His fame was established by *The Last Days of Pompeii* and *Rienzi, the Last of the Tribunes*, in 1835. The custodian at Pompeii told Dean Farrar very recently that in the ruins of the old city no name is more frequently mentioned than that of Bulwer, and at Rome those who look with interest at the spot where Rienzi fell constantly refer to Lord Lytton's novel. Dean Farrar was several times the guest of Lord Lytton at Knebworth. In noting various objects of art scattered over the delightful old house he mentions a skull of remarkable formation—

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evidently the skull of some man of marked genius—which reposed on a side table under a glass case in the drawing-room. This skull had been found at Pompeii, and had suggested to Lord Lytton the character of Arbaces, the Egyptian priest of the Temple of Isis. One part of the grounds around the house was known as the "Horace Garden." Horace was Lord Lytton's favourite author, and this secluded walk was surrounded by busts of Augustus, Mæcenas, Horace, and many of the friends mentioned in the *Odes* with the relevant passages carved beneath. The letter which we reproduce from the September number of the *Temple Magazine*, containing further reminiscences by Dean Farrar, has reference to the translation of the *Odes and Epodes of Horace*, upon which he was engaged at the time of writing, and which, published in 1872, was very favourably received. As Lord Lytton was not in the technical sense a classical scholar, he had requested Dean Farrar to subject the translation to a close scrutiny and to make whatever criticisms or suggestions occurred to him. "There were *some* actual mistakes," the Dean remarks, "but not many. One lesson the pleasant task brought home to my mind very vividly; it was the immense labour which Lord Lytton brought to bear on all his works. Buffon says somewhere, '*La Génie c'est la patience.*'" Dean Farrar adds the weight of his personal testimony against the attacks often made upon Lord Lytton both in public and private. "All that I saw of him made me regard him as kind, high-minded, and sincere, unprejudiced in his sympathies and anxious to make those about him happy."

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Among books of the first importance to be published in the spring of next year we may mention a new volume of stories by Mr. Rudyard Kipling. Mr. J. Lockwood Kipling has, we hear, now completed the whole of the decorations which the Messrs. Scribner commissioned him to model for illustrations in the Outward Bound edition of Mr. Kipling's works. Eight out of the twelve volumes in this edition have now been published.

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The Scribners have just added four very popular books to their attractive Cameo Edition—namely, Mr. Barrie's *Auld Licht Idylls* and *A Window in Thrums*, and Dr. Van Dyke's *Little Rivers* and *The Poetry of Tennyson*. They will publish shortly the new edition of George Meredith's poems under the title *Selected Poems*, uniform with Bunner's *Poems* and Stevenson's *Poems and Ballads*. Stevenson's *St. Ives*, now being completed by Mr. Quiller-Couch, will issue before the end of the year from the same house; also a new volume of short stories by Mr. F. J. Stimson, whose *King Noanett* is now in its twentieth thousand. We hope this will have the effect of drawing attention to previous stories published by Mr. Stimson as "J. S. of Dale" through the same firm. A new generation of readers has sprung up since they were written, and yet we have few stories to-day to match that fascinating tale, *The Residuary Legatee* with its inimitable sequel, *Guerndale*.

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Benjamin Swift's new novel, *The Tormentor*, to be published this autumn by the Messrs. Scribner, is now ready for the press. A friend of the author, who has been spending some weeks with him in Normandy, writes us that he has read the manuscript, and describes it as "a book of great passion, originality and power, and should make a stir." His first novel, *Nancy Noon*, published about a year ago, is now in its fifth edition. If it be true, as Hall Caine says, that the genius of a novelist is shown in his power to break away from the conventional novel, then Benjamin Swift is a most striking exemplar of the fact. The motive of *The Tormentor* is so fresh and bizarre as to be startling. Strength of passion and originality of invention, those essentials of imaginative art, enter into this work even more than in its predecessor with dramatic intensity and emotiveness. Mr. Paterson, as "Benjamin Swift" is known to his friends, has almost completely recovered from the severe accident which sent him abroad last autumn, and has just returned to his native city of Glasgow.

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Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin and Company will publish shortly a novel which in all probability will achieve as great a

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popularity as *The Honourable Peter Stirling*. Like that story, *The Federal Judge* depicts certain phases of our public life, commercial and political, using in the development of its plot and in the portrayal of character those subtle and characteristic influences of our current social and business activities which fasten so readily on the imagination of the American people. Stories there may be with the same elements at work, but *The Federal Judge* has a distinct originality and power which take it quite out of the course of the average novel. A railway magnate, whose road is exposed to attack, secures the appointment of an upright man to the office of federal judge. This judge has gained a reputation as a friend of the people and a rigid opposer of great corporations, and the story consists mainly in the dramatic portrayal of the relations which these two men bear to each other—the honest judge under the influence of a great business manager, and the manager astutely seeking to shield and strengthen his vast corporation with the judge's authority and honourable prestige. It will be seen, at a glance, that the situation offers great dramatic possibilities, and has required extraordinary skill and power to handle it with success. The author, Mr. Charles K. Lush, is a well-known journalist in Milwaukee, and this is his first book.

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Mrs. James T. Fields has written a *Life of Harriet Beecher Stowe*, which will be published this autumn by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin and Company. Mrs. Fields's article in the *Atlantic*, on "Days with Mrs. Stowe," which appeared a year ago, at the time of Mrs. Stowe's death, indicated very clearly that she possessed the intimate knowledge and sympathy and insight necessary to the performance of such a task. Besides availing herself of the *Life of Mrs. Stowe*, written by the Rev. Charles E. Stowe, she has had access to much material not contained in that work or available at the time of its publication. This material comprises many letters by Mrs. Stowe, personal recollections and characteristic anecdotes of the author of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*.

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We are to have another fragment of Hawthorne in the shape of *Hawthorne's First Diary*, with an account of its discovery and loss, by Mr. Samuel T. Pickard, the author of the *Life of Whittier*. That this diary, written by Hawthorne when a boy, possesses more than an autograph interest or gives any indication of the bent of his genius in after years is very doubtful, but curiosity will lead many to peruse its contents. In his preface Mr. Pickard gives this interesting account of the *Diary*:

"A Diary kept by Nathaniel Hawthorne during his residence at Raymond, Maine, came to light in Virginia during the late civil war, and fell into the hands of a coloured man named William Symmes, who by a curious chance was a companion of Hawthorne in his fishing and gunning sports on the shores of Lake Sebago. Symmes said he had the book from a Maine soldier whom he found in a hospital. Because of his boyish friendship for Hawthorne, he so prized the Diary that he could not be induced to part with it. After holding it several years, he sent extracts from it to a Maine newspaper."

These extracts Mr. Pickard reprints in this little book, preceding them with an account of Hawthorne's home in Raymond and the story of William Symmes.

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Mrs. Maud Wilder Goodwin, author of the successful colonial romance *White Aprons*, has turned her pen to the writing of a modern story whose scenes are laid in a New England seashore resort and in New York. It is entitled *Flint: His Faults, his Friendships and his Fortunes*, and will be published this autumn by Messrs. Little, Brown and Company. An illustrated holiday edition of *Quo Vadis* in two volumes is also announced by the same firm. The artists at work on the pictures are Howard Pyle, Evert Van Muyden and Edmund H. Garrett. There will also be a new portrait of Sienkiewicz. A new volume of stories by the author of *Quo Vadis* is also under way.

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A book of stories for children by the late Professor Drummond, with illustrations by Louis Wain, is in preparation.

❀

Mr. Anthony Hope has, we understand, signed a contract with Major Pond to lecture in America during the months of October, November, and December. Mr. Hope expects to be back in England toward the end of January next, when it is probable that his new story, *Simon Dale*, will be published in book form.

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Two important translations have just been completed, and will be published shortly by Messrs. Roberts Brothers. *Antichrist*, by Ernest Renan, has been translated and edited by Mr. Joseph Henry Allen, late Lecturer of Ecclesiastical History in Harvard University. Following the author's *History of the People of Israel* and his *Life of Jesus*, this volume continues the history of the Hebrew people, and covers the period from the arrival of the Apostle Paul at Rome to the end of the Jewish Revolution, A.D. 61–73, including the persecution under Nero. The other work is the third volume of Dr. Adolph Harnack's *History of Dogma*, the translation of which has been made by Mr. Neil Buchanan from the third German edition.

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A reviewer of *The Christian* in the *British Weekly* claims that Glory Quayle is herself in that supreme hour when with much giggling she proposes to marry John Storm on his deathbed. It needs no prescience, he says, to see that within a few weeks after John Storm is laid in his grave we shall be able to read on a music hall bill :

MISS GLORY QUAYLE,
(WIDOW OF THE REV. FATHER STORM),
WILL APPEAR IN HER FAVOURITE TURN, ETC.
"Appraise me the price of a pang made perfect."

❀

Ten miles east of Mentone the coast runs out into a picturesque headland which claims to have more hours of winter sunshine than any other spot on the Riviera. Tall gray and white houses nestling up under its fine campanile form the old Italian fishing town of Bordighera. Below, toward the shore and the station, among groves of olives and lemon trees, and great gardens of palms, lie the red-tiled villas of the foreign colony, largely English, and increasing year by year. Dr. George Macdonald, who has just added another novel, *Salted with Fire*, to his packed repertory, must be one of its oldest permanent members, for it is more than twenty years since he settled there. The house stands aloof from the main road, with the pretty little English Church just beyond and behind it. Passing inside and up two flights of marble staircase you will probably find Dr. Macdonald sitting alone in his study—a lofty, spacious chamber entirely lined with books, which include many rare volumes. A typewriter stands upon one table, and long sheets of carefully corrected proofs hang from a bookcase. The windows look westward across fields and orchards bathed in golden afternoon sunshine, toward the steep blue hills and shining expanse of sea beyond. The veteran novelist has aged perceptibly during the last few years, and his eyes have lost a little of their gleam and fire, but something venerable seems added to that personal grace and distinction which have always been characteristic of George Macdonald.

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A visitor to Dr. Macdonald's sanctuary last winter says that it was reassuring to hear his voice still full and sonorous declaring that he felt well—well for an old man. "I shall be seventy-two before the year ends, and that's far on ; it's about time to be going Home." Younger men often come, he said, to see him, that they might tell him how much they had learned from making acquaintance with Robert Falconer and Alec Forbes. On Wednesday afternoons he is still at home to many strangers and friends, and after tea he will often read from some favourite poet like Browning, with added comments and elucidations in that style of which he is a master. For it must not be imagined that Dr. Macdonald is decrepit. Most fine days see him on his tricycle on the Bordighera roads. He talked very freely and cordially to his visitor of the new Scottish novelists. It was refreshing to hear his genuine and generous appreciation of their work. Mr. Barrie he considered the foremost of them all. He had been especially delighted with *The Little Minister*, and also expressed his admiration for parts of *Margaret Ogilvy*, which was "somewhat in the nature of an elegy." He spoke warmly of Ian Maclaren, and recalled how he had himself lectured and preached in Sefton Park Church. He recognised Dr. Watson's great power of humour and also of pathos, "for these two are near akin ; the springs of laughter and tears lie close together." He noted that Dr. Watson has brought the Highlander down into the Lowlands, and depicted him in that setting—"a thing which

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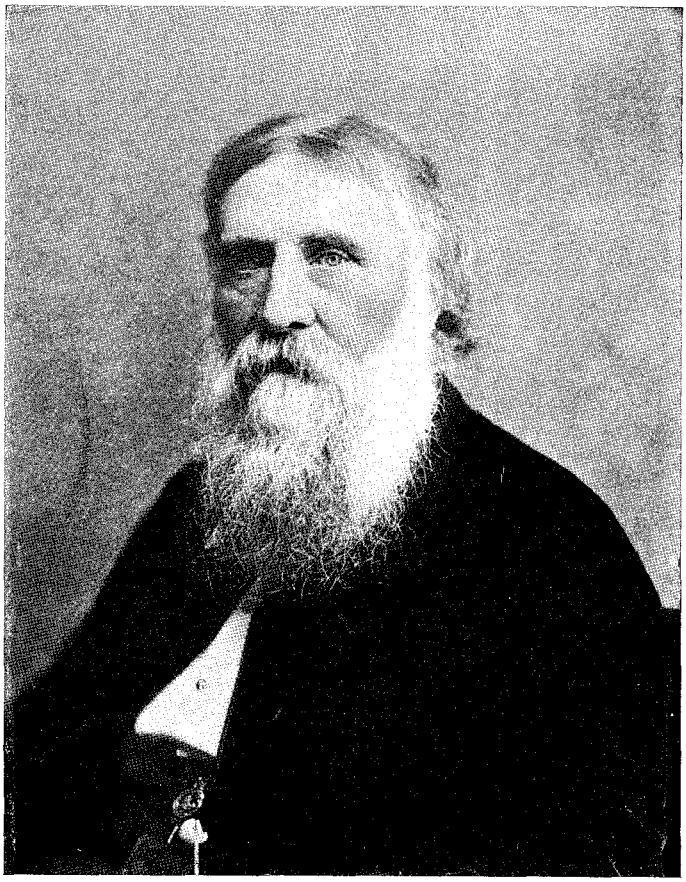
seems new at least to me. I myself," he added, "am a pure Highlander on both sides, though I have no Gaelic." Speaking of Mr. Crockett, Dr. Macdonald recognised very readily the verve and vigour of his narrative and how it carries you irresistibly along. He had been impressed with *The Gray Man*, and referred to the much-discussed episode of the cannibalism among the cave-dwellers. "Terrible, but quite true; it is on record. I remember it was once pointed out to me in an old volume, and only yesterday I was trying to search out and verify the reference."



GEORGE MACDONALD.

From his latest photograph by Elliott and Fry.

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With reference to the title of Mr. Le Gallienne's new book, which was recently announced—namely, *If I Were God*—we have authority for stating that his title is an adapted quotation from Dr. Macdonald's *David Elginbrod*. The lines in question, which are familiar to all readers of Dr. Macdonald's famous story, are :

> "Here lie I, Martin Elginbrodde;
> Hae mercy o' my soul, Lord God,
> As I wad do, *were I Lord God*
> And ye were Martin Elginbrodde."

❀

The first three numbers of the English translation of *The Polychrome Bible* will be published by Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company in October. These are *The Book of Judges*, *The Prophecies of Isaiah*, and *The Book of Psalms*. This work, which has been in preparation for a long time, has aroused a great deal of interest, and the scheme has been already widely discussed in several magazines and periodicals. The major part of *The Polychrome Bible* (so called because of a novel use of colour printing to indicate the composite origin of the various books) has already been published in the original Hebrew text, but it has been thought that an English translation would receive a very hearty welcome at the hands of the reading public. *The Polychrome Bible* is under the general editorship of Professor Paul Haupt, of the Johns Hopkins University, with Dr. Horace Howard Furniss, the famous Shakespearian scholar, as associate editor. Under their editorship the work of translation has been prepared by eminent biblical scholars of America and Europe. Dr. Haupt puts the case for a new edition of the Bible in this wise :

"A translation in modern English, it seems to me, is the best commentary on the Old Version. I do not approve of a revision of the Authorised Version. Our beautiful old English Bible should not be tampered with. There *is* a general consensus of opinion among the best scholars regarding the principal results of modern biblical criticism, so that the attempt to make these

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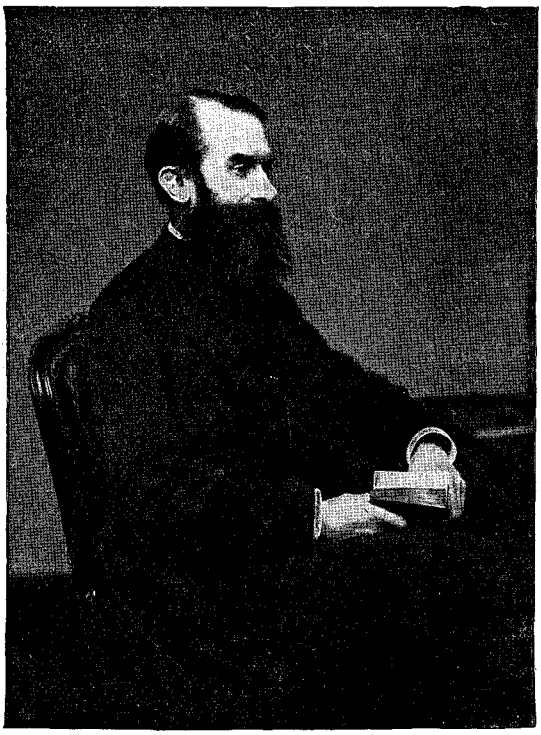
scholarly labours accessible to the general public is certainly not premature. I think our new version will help to arouse a new enthusiasm for the Bible, which, as the late James Darmesteter not unjustly remarked, 'is more celebrated than known.' Our new Bible aims to give the actual results of modern biblical scholarship in a popular and attractive form, leaving it to the faith and common sense of the reader to draw his own conclusions. Nor do I think that an acquaintance with the results of modern criticism will impair our reverence for the Scriptures as the Word of God. Honest truth cannot affect the cause of true religion. Criticism is but systematised common sense, and it is a pity to think that Faith and Reason should be incompatible. I believe with the late W. Robertson Smith, than whom England never had a more brilliant biblical scholar, that the Bible does speak to the heart of man in words that can only come from God. Modern criticism may throw a new light on the circumstances in which they were first heard or written, but no amount of change in the background of a picture can make white black or black white. . . . Our new Bible will certainly not be a *fin-de-siècle* Bible, but, God willing, I trust it will become the Bible of the twentieth century."

PROFESSOR PAUL HAUPT.
Editor of "The Polychrome Bible."

Canon T. K. Cheyne, who contributes *The Book of Isaiah* to the Polychrome edition of the Bible, is accepted as the most eminent living authority upon Isaiah. The version which is now to be given to the public is the result of more than thirty years' unceasing devotion and labour. In 1870 he published a first venture, which took the shape of a new translation in chronological order. Later he issued a revised translation and an exhaustive commentary in two volumes, and only two years ago he finished his *Introduction to Isaiah*. Canon Cheyne has divided *Isaiah* into five books, and backgrounds of different colours are used to indicate the various authors. Canon Cheyne, by the way, will visit this country in November to deliver a series of lectures.



CANON T. K. CHEYNE.

❀

The Century Company will publish at once Dr. S. Weir Mitchell's story of the American Revolution which has been appearing serially in the *Century Magazine* during the past year. *Hugh Wynne*, "Free Quaker, sometime Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel on the Staff of His

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Yours very truly
S. Weir Mitchell

Excellency General Washington," to give the book its full title, came very near being published last autumn. The book had been prepared and printed, and was ready to be issued in October, 1896. It was practically complete in two volumes, in the shape in which it is now published, and orders had been solicited from the booksellers and were awaiting shipment. But the editor of the *Century* saw in it a fine opportunity for publishing a stirring serial in the magazine, and ere it was too late the advance orders for the book were recalled and arrangements were made for its serial use in the *Century*. The publication of *Hugh Wynne* in book form was therefore deferred until this autumn. This is the authorised version of a story which has already been in circulation in a more or less garbled and apocryphal form.

❀

Mr. Stanley J. Weyman's new novel will not be published until the early spring of next year. This will be the novel entitled *Shrewsbury*, now running serially in the *Idler*, and not a volume of stories, as was announced some little time ago.

❀

Mr. Henry Seton Merriman's next novel is to be entitled *Roden's Corner*, and as at present arranged will be published serially both here and in England in *Harper's Magazine*.

❀

"The other day," writes a correspondent to the Glasgow *Evening News*, "I paid a visit to the old Dumfriesshire farmhouse of Craigenputtock, where Carlyle wrote his *Sartor Resartus*. The farm is still in the hands of the Carlyle family, the present occupant being a grandnephew of the sage. This gentleman—who, by the way, in features as well as in manner, suggests a striking likeness to his illustrious relative—speaks not too cordially of the way in which his farm and steading are overrun at this season by 'pilgrims.' In the neighbouring village of Dunscore there still survive a few of the Carlyle contemporaries. These aged worthies think little of 'Tam,' as they call him. They remember him only as a 'soor-tempered body' who did not get on too well with his brother, at that time the farmer of Craigenputtock, and they are fond of illustrating the 'cussedness' of the sage

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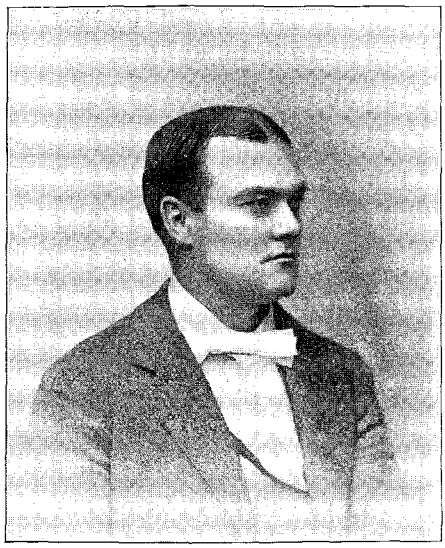
THOMAS CARLYLE BETWEEN HIS BROTHER AND NIECE.

by telling of an occasion when, having quarrelled with everybody about the place, he drove off one night in a 'huff' to Dumfries and refused to come back again. Few Scotch people think of visiting the place; all the 'pilgrims' are English, American, or foreign." The above group is from an interesting old photograph, in which "Tam" is seen fondly indulging in his customary clay pipe of "infinite black tobacco." The Centenary edition of Carlyle's works being imported by the Scribners now numbers eleven volumes. *Past and Present* and *The Life of John Sterling* have just been added to this handsome library edition.



"DAN QUIN" (ALFRED H. LEWIS).

❀

Mr. Alfred Henry Lewis, the author of *Wolfville*, recently published by the Frederick A. Stokes Company, had already won a wide reputation among Western readers before his introduction to the East. Himself a Westerner, born in Cleveland, and a cattleman for some five years on the plains of Texas, New Mexico, and Arizona, he is well equipped to describe the life treated in his humorous and entertaining stories. He began by sending fugitive sketches of the picturesque life of the cattlemen to the San Francisco *Examiner*, the St. Louis *Republic*, the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, and other Western papers under the pseudonym of "Dan Quin;" and it is a selection of these tales which is now presented to the suffrage of a wider reading public

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A KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN WINDOW EXHIBIT IN SAN FRANCISCO.

in *Wolfville*. The book is one of extraordinary merit and interest, and should command a warm reception.

The latest feature in Mr. William Doxey's window exhibits is a Kate Douglas Wiggin Exhibition, a photograph of which we have just received from him and herewith reproduce. Chief among the things of interest are *The Birds' Christmas Carol* and *The Story of Patsy* in raised letters for the blind; *The Birds' Christmas Carol* in French and also in German; the original manuscripts of *Fleur-de-Lys* and of *The Village Stradivarius*. There is a translation of her songs in Chinese, also copies of *Polly Oliver's Problem* and *Two Little Orphans* in Swedish; the number of *St. Nicholas* in 1878 containing Mrs. Wiggin's first story; old editions of *The Birds' Christmas Carol*, and an early edition of *The Story of Patsy* published in San Francisco in 1883. English and American editions of her works and a number of interesting portraits form a background to these prominent features. Probably few writers are so popular in America to-day as Mrs. Wiggin. Her readers, by the way, will be glad to learn that their old friend "Penelope" has started on a new journey in Scotland in the current number of the *Atlantic*.

The interesting announcement has just been made of the engagement of Mr. John Lane, the well-known publisher, to Mrs. Anna Eichberg King, the author of *Mrs. Brown's Retreat* and *Kitwyck Stories*, and of the popular national hymn *To Thee, My Country*. Mrs. King lives in Boston, and is a frequent figure among literary circles there. It has been stated that Mr. Lane first met Mrs. King in the spring of this year at Mrs. Moulton's home in Boston; but this is erroneous. They first met in London, two years ago. The marriage will take place in March.

Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company will publish Mr. R. D. Blackmore's new novel, *Dariel, a Romance of Surrey*, on the first of October. It will contain fourteen full-page illustrations by Chris Hammond.

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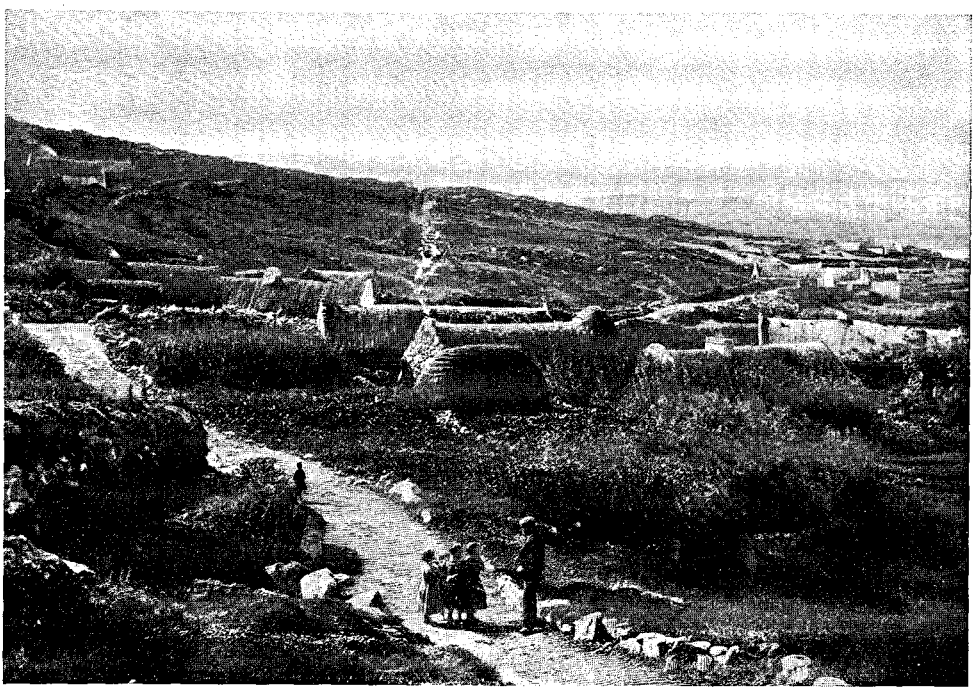

VILLAGE OF LISCONNEL.

A LISCONNEL INTERIOR.

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THE KILFOYLES' WHITEWASHED CABIN.

AT A CABIN DOOR.

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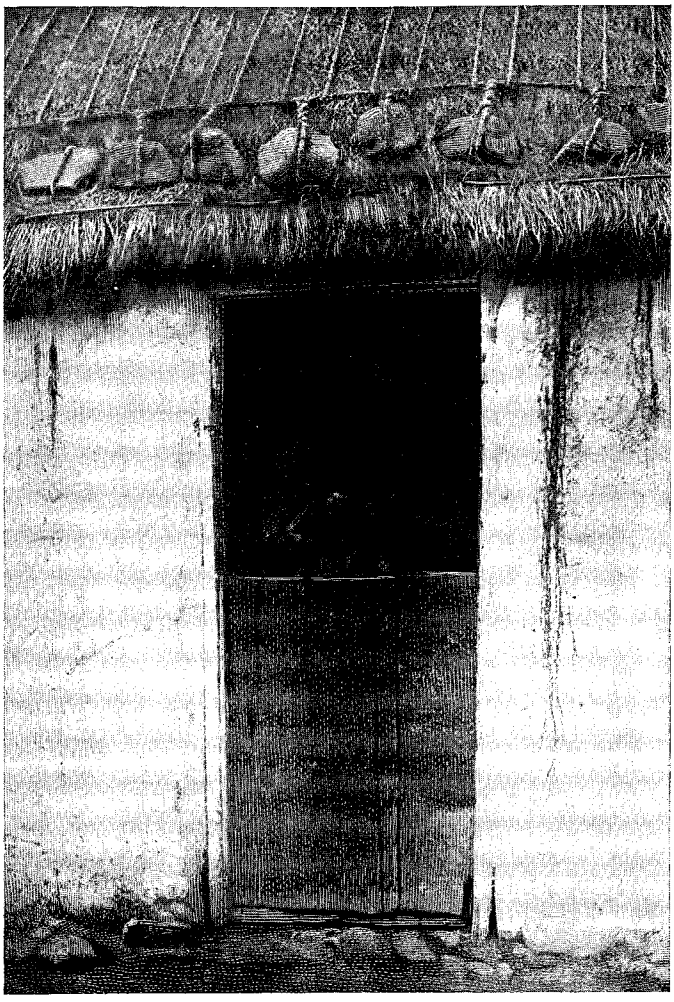

MRS. KILFOYLE.

It will be remembered that Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company published holiday editions last year of Ian Maclaren's *Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush* and *The Days of Auld Lang Syne*, with illustrations from photographs of Drumtochty life taken by Mr. Clifton Johnson when on a visit during the summer of 1896 to the neighbourhood of the stories. On the way home Mr. Johnson passed through Ireland, and visited Miss Jane Barlow, the author of *Irish Idylls*. He lived for some time in the vicinity of the Connemara country, on the Irish west coast, which forms the background of Miss Barlow's inimitable stories, "not exactly among the people," he says, "for their primitive squalor would have ended me." While there he used his camera to good purpose, and he has availed himself of the best and most picturesque of his photographs to illustrate a new holiday edition of *Irish Idylls* very effectively. The following "Note" will be prefixed to the work :

"The illustrations in the present edition of *Irish Idylls* are the result of a trip made to the Connemara bog lands of Western Ireland for the express purpose of securing material that should be absolutely true to the description in the text. I have tried to make the pictures faithful transcripts of nature and life as they really are amid the sombre bogs that are the predominant features of that part of the Irish west coast. It is doubtful if in any civilised country there are people whose homes and lives are more forlorn than those of these Connemara folk, and it is no wonder that Miss Barlow's portrayal of them in their out-of-the-world villages, in their petty strifes, their pinching poverty, their loves, their disappointments, and their triumphs, has attracted wide attention. Here is the whole gamut of human nature, in spite of the forbidding environment, and it touches a responsive chord in every sympathetic heart, no matter how differently situated.

"The traveller in Connemara cannot but be impressed with the fact that Miss Barlow preserves the atmosphere of the region and the sentiment of the life she describes to a rare degree ; and it is believed that pictures and text together will give as vivid and interesting a view of peasant thought and ways and surroundings as has ever been published."

Five of these pictures are presented in these pages as examples of Mr. Johnson's pictorial art. Nothing need be added now in commendation of Miss Barlow's work. *Irish Idylls*, on its appearance four years ago, was universally pronounced to be a work of wonderful sympathy and imaginative power, and has been applauded as an Irish classic by the foremost critics in America and England.

❀

A year ago Messrs. Houghton, Mif-

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flin and Company published *A Year in the Fields*, by John Burroughs, beautifully illustrated from photographic nature studies by Mr. Johnson, which was very successful and is still in constant demand. This year the same firm will publish Charles Dudley Warner's classic of boyhood, *Being a Boy*, with an introduction and thirty-two full-page illustrations from photographs of boy life in rural New England by Mr. Johnson. Messrs. Lee and Shepard are issuing a book entitled *The District School as it Was*, which Mr. Johnson has edited and illustrated with a number of quaint, old-time pictures. They are bringing out a new and revised edition of his book on *The New England Country*, which is also being published this autumn in England.

❀

Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin and Company announce a new complete edition of the *Poetical and Prose Works* of Thomas Bailey Aldrich. This edition has been rearranged and revised by the author, and will be published in eight volumes—two volumes of poems and six of prose. They have been thoroughly edited by Mr. Aldrich with a view to making this the definitive edition of his works. There will also be a large paper edition limited to two hundred and fifty numbered copies.

❀

The *Atlantic Monthly*, which celebrates the end of its fortieth year with the current (October) number, has occupied a unique place in the annals of our literary history. During the years of its existence, since its inception in 1857, its record has marked the ebb and flow of the tide of literature in this country. "Holding fast to the faith of its founders, that literature is one of the most serious concerns of men, and that the highest service to our national life is the encouragement and the production of literature, the *Atlantic* has never had owner or editor who was tempted to change its steadfast course by reason of any changing fashion." It is remarkable to observe how conspicuously the *Atlantic* figures in every one of the biographies and estimates of the great New England group of writers which have appeared in recent years. Among the contributors to the first number were Longfellow, Lowell, Emerson, Holmes, Motley, Charles Eliot Norton, J. T. Trowbridge, Whittier, Mrs. Stowe, and Parke Godwin. And when the life and work of the succeeding younger generation comes to be written there will be the same recurrence of the name of the *Atlantic*.

❀

But to come to the last volume of the *Atlantic*, we are extremely interested to observe a curious parallelism between the articles which compose the first and the seventy-ninth volumes, showing how closely the original aims and traditions of the founders have been followed. In the first volume, for instance—to take only representative titles—there were "Béranger," "Intellectual Character," "The Winds and the Weather," "Notes on Domestic Architecture," "The Kansas Usurpation," "Mr. Buchanan's Administration," "The Financial Flurry," "Florentine Mosaics," "Our Birds and their Ways:" in the seventy-ninth volume we have "Ferdinand Brunetière and his Criticism," "On Being Civilised too Much," "Mercury in the Light of Recent Discoveries," "Two Interpreters of National Architecture," "A Typical Kansas Community," "Mr. Cleveland as President," "The Good and the Evil of Industrial Combinations," "Notes of a Trip to Izumo," "Young America in Feathers." And the last number of the *Atlantic* may compare favourably with the first. In criticism there are articles on "Two Principles in American Fiction," by James Lane Allen, on "The French Mastery of Style," by Ferdinand Brunetière, and on "Gabriele D'Annunzio, the Novelist," by Henry D. Sedgwick, Jr.; in fiction we have the first four chapters of Hopkinson Smith's new story, *Caleb West*, the first instalment of *Penelope's Progress in Scotland*, by Kate Douglas Wiggin, and a complete story by Sarah Orne Jewett; Aldrich and Stedman contribute poetry; in science Dr. T. J. J. See advances a novel theory based on the "Latest Discoveries Touching the History of the Universe;" H. M. Stanley reports "Twenty five Years' Progress in Equatorial Africa;" George Kennan writes about "A Russian Experiment in Self-Government." Frederic Burk expatiates on "The Training of Teachers: the Old Point of View," and Henry B. Fuller has an article on "Chicago."

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Comparisons of this sort, however, though interesting in some respects, are apt to become invidious. They can only be made profitable by bearing in mind that the character of literature changes with the conditions of life by which it is determined. Now, the conditions of American life have greatly changed since the early days of the *Atlantic*, and the task of a magazine whose aim it is to give literary interpretation of American life is vastly different from what it was forty years ago. Life has become more complex, and the conditions governing the issue of literature are wholly different, and are undergoing constant development. There is a very sensible and sound statement of present conditions in the output of literature concluding some notes on "Forty Years of the *Atlantic Monthly*" in the current number which are well worth quoting here:

"The increased volume of production that has followed the cheapening of manufacture and the lessened cost of distribution has not unnaturally led to much confusion of thought. We sometimes hear that the day of a high literary standard and of definite literary aims is past. Yet fair comparison of the literary work done in the United States to-day with the work that was going on in 1857 will show that there has been, not decline indeed, except in Poetry, but rather a change in literary fashions. In Fiction, if Hawthorne be set aside (as it is fair to set aside any great genius), there is very much more work done now of the grade next to the very highest than was done forty years ago; in History there has been as great an improvement in style as there has come a wider and surer grasp in these days of fuller knowledge; in Politics and Social Science there has been no falling away by our few best writers; and the field is larger and the spirit of liberality more generous; and by the Exact Sciences new worlds have been discovered full of revelation and romance since Agassiz first wrote for the *Atlantic*. The conspicuous changes that have taken place are two: We have not any single group of men of such genius as the group that contributed to the early numbers; and in the spread of culture no man of less than the very highest rank can now hold as conspicuous a position as a man of the same qualities held when good writers were fewer; for to-day there are a great many more writers of high rank than there were in 1857. There are in fact more contributors to the present volume of the *Atlantic* who have made literature the chief work of their lives, whose standard is high, whose aims are definite, and who have won success, than there were to the first volumes of the magazine; and the range of subjects treated is wider than it was then. But in all the changes that have come these forty years, the *Atlantic* has tried not to forget the purpose of its early days—to hold Literature above all other human interests, and to suffer no confusion of its ideals."

The gray monotones of dull piety were never more amusingly exemplified than in the two contrasted paragraphs which we reprint from the New York *Independent*. The first is from a recent issue, dated August 12th, 1897:

"The fortieth anniversary number of the *Atlantic Monthly* will be published September 20th. Those of us who can look back forty years recall the wild delight with which we breakfasted with the 'Autocrat' in those first twelve *Atlantics*. To-day our tables are loaded with modern illustrated magazines, with their wonderful artistic finish. We pick them up languidly and know 'that there hath passed away a glory from the earth.' Will Hopkinson Smith, whose story of *Caleb West* begins in this anniversary issue, be to any young reader of to-day what Dr. Holmes was to the *Atlantic's* first readers?"

"Wild delight" is good! But on turning back some forty years to the files of the *Independent* this is what we read in its pages in 1859—*The Professor at the Breakfast Table* had just appeared in book form:

"We presume that we do but speak the general conviction, as it certainly is our own, when we say that that which was to have been apprehended has not been avoided by the 'Professor,' but has been painfully realised in his new series of utterances. He has dashed at many things which he does not understand, has succeeded in irritating and repelling from the magazine many who had formerly read it with pleasure, and has neither equalled the spirit and vigorous vivacity nor maintained the reputation shown and acquired by the preceding papers. . . . As a whole, we judge that it will be pronounced a failure, and that little will be gained by it for either the author or his readers."

The "languid" tone of the *Independent* is but an echo of the earliest cry of a certain type of humanity in the history of mankind. "Alas! times are not what they once were!" has been discovered by the latest excavators and scholars to be the inscription on the oldest brick from the oldest city in the most ancient part of Asia.

❀

Mr. Henry B. Fuller, who has recently returned to Chicago after a long stay in Italy, has written a story entitled "The Greatest of These," which will appear in the November *Atlantic*. In this story there is an indication that Mr. Fuller is returning to the early manner of his *Chevalier of Pensieri-Vani*.

❀

Miss Montresor's forthcoming novel, *At the Cross Roads*, announced by the

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Messrs. Appleton, is her first long effort since her very successful story, *Into the Highways and Hedges*. She has been engaged in writing it for more than a year, and those who have read the manuscript consider it the best work she has done. Mr. Max Pemberton's new story, *A Phantom Army*, which we announced last month would appear serially in the *Argosy*, will be published this autumn by the Appletons. We are also promised a new novel by Madame Sarah Grand, which traces the development of a woman of genius from her girlhood to her marriage. It is described as a subtle and extraordinary study of a woman's psychological evolution, and rumour says in England that the story is largely autobiographical. It is also said to contain an abundance of humour and incident, characteristics that have been lacking in her former stories. Another "red" book, namely, *The Red Terror*, by Félix Gras, the author of *The Reds of the Midi*, will also issue this autumn from the same house.

❀

Mr. Nathan Haskell Dole is preparing a new and enlarged edition of his variorum edition of *The Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám*, the first edition of which was published by Messrs. Page and Company of Boston a year ago. Mr. Dole has so far brought his book up to date as to include a number of stanzas from Mr. Le Gallienne's forthcoming version. This version will be published, as we have already announced, by Mr. John Lane about the end of October. We are able, through the courtesy of the publisher, to give four stanzas, which follow on this page, and which appear in print for the first time, from Mr. Le Gallienne's rendering of the *Rubáiyát*. It is well to note that the title-page of Mr. Le Gallienne's book bears the sub-title, "A Paraphrase from Various Translations," as several critics have twitted him with ignorance of the Persian language, and accused him of weak imitation. We are of the opinion that when Mr. Le Gallienne's work is published in full a fair comparison with the work of his predecessors will show that he has most successfully caught the spirit of Omar and enshrined it most completely in the language of beauty and imagination.

STANZAS FROM MR. LE GALLIENNE'S RENDERING OF "THE RUBÁIYÁT OF OMAR KHÁYYÁM."

'Tis a strange world we came to, You and I,
Whence no man knows, and surely none knows why.
Why we remain—a harder question still,
And still another—whither when we die?

Some say we came God's purpose to fulfil—
'Faith a poor purpose then, if so you will;
Sport for the heavenly huntsmen, others say,—
Sorry the sport, methinks, and poor the skill.

* * * * * * *

Oh friends, forget not, as you laugh and play,
Some that were laughing with you yesterday.
Spare from your rose some petals for their graves,
Sprinkle some wine upon their parching clay.

For even this dust that blows along the street
Once whispered to its love that life was sweet.
Ruddy with wine it was, with roses crowned,
And now you spurn it with your eager feet.

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LIVING CONTINENTAL CRITICS.

V.—Herman Grimm.

Since the days of Tieck and the brothers Schlegel, Germany has produced no man of letters who in universality of interests and refinement of taste can be compared to Herman Grimm. There is no dearth of critics who within the limits of their special studies have accomplished as much or perhaps even more than he. In philosophic grasp of abstract intellectual problems, men like Kuno Fischer or Rudolf Haym are his superiors. In questions touching the technical workmanship displayed in works of painting or sculpture, his judgments have not infrequently been overridden by the verdict of more thoroughly trained experts. In the sphere of philological text criticism, the chosen province of nearly all the younger literary historians, he has never felt quite at home. What distinguishes Herman Grimm from all other German scholars of to-day, what gives him his unique position in modern life, is the fact that he is philosopher, art critic, and literary historian in one, that he is an interpreter of the spiritual ideals of mankind, whatever form they may have assumed or to whatever age they may belong. He is, among living Germans, the most eminent advocate of æsthetic culture; the principal, if not sole, upholder of the classic tradition of Weimar and Jena; the chosen apostle of that striving for completeness of personality without which all special activity must of necessity fail to reach out into the highest sphere of human aspirations.

When men of marked originality delineate the character of other men, they at the same time bring before us their own features. Herman Grimm's writings, therefore, although they are almost wholly devoted to the study of the works and lives of other writers and artists, at the same time give us a remarkably striking picture of himself. And it would be difficult to state more truthfully and simply the very essence of his individuality than by repeating what he has said of two men whose intellectual kinship with his own nature he has often acknowledged: Ralph Waldo Emerson and Ernst Curtius. This is his characterisation of the American thinker:

"Emerson nowhere lays down a system. It seems as though he were simply acting under the impulse of the moment to speak out what happens to be uppermost in his mind. But if one takes together all that he has thus said in the course of a long life, the numerous individual parts are seen to group themselves into a well rounded, harmonious whole. He is imbued with a wonderful divination of the relationship of all moral phenomena. From the very first he feels what place belongs to each. Confusion becomes order before his glance. He expresses himself without any special exertion. Effortless and gently, as Nature herself seems to work even where the most terrible happens, his sentences chain themselves to each other, link by link. He never is out of breath; step by step he leads us from one thought to another. Always he simply speaks his mind, and utterances which at first seem strange soon come to sound natural and necessary, if one confidently tries to enter into their meaning."

And these are the words which less than a year ago the death of his friend Ernst Curtius wrung from his lips:

"Curtius had something inward in his manner. In speaking with him, you often remained so long without an answer that you might think he had not heard you or not even listened. Then, as if awakening, he would give the answer. In general, there was something silent in him, and yet he found the greatest enjoyment and recreation in conversing and talking. He had seen and experienced much, and he spoke of it as though he were gathering old recollections for himself. He gladly pointed things out and explained, and always in a tone as though it was self-evident that his opinion was the only true one, that his insight was the higher one. There was something festal in his words and his bearing. He walked quick and free and joyful, as though encompassed by great thoughts. If one spoke to him on the street, he would seem surprised, and at his friends even he would look as though he recognised them only just now and were just seeing them again after a long separation. The youthfulness of his nature was indestructible. Even in his last days he walked about like one of the Olympians who know nothing of death."

Here we have both the intellectual and the emotional side of Herman Grimm's own character clearly brought before us. Like Emerson, he disdains to bind himself to a strict philosophical system; he never attempts to formulate a general law of artistic or literary development; and yet, in analysing and interpreting the great works of the

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world's literature and art, he always makes us feel that they are necessary manifestations of a deep, mysterious force which regulates all human life. Like Curtius, he is essentially a lyric nature; what appeals to him in a statue or a poem is the inner vision rather than the outward form; what attracts him in an artist or a poet is what they have to say rather than how they say it. Like both Emerson and Curtius, he feels truly at home only in the calm world of ideas. With the present age and its noisy, breathless activity he has little in common. He longs away from what he has called "the deep, inward unrest of the moderns, which, at its climax to-day, drives us to despair."

With all this Herman Grimm is not a Romanticist of the Ruskinian type. His abhorrence of commonplace reality does not make him flee into the region of the fantastic. From nothing is he further removed than from the worship of the abnormal. On the contrary, if there is anything that stands out as the central thought of his writings, it is the conviction that the true leaders of mankind are only those men who have given expression to the universally human, who are intelligible to all ages and all races, who appeal to the simplest and most fundamental of feelings. And although the range of his vision is well-nigh limitless, although he is able to sympathise with the most different types of character, with Erasmus and Dürer, with Saraceni and Carstens, with Shakespeare and Voltaire, with Overbeck and Boecklin, yet the true object of his whole literary activity is to rivet the eyes of the modern world upon those eternal heights where stand the ideal figures of a harmonious humanity—a Homer, a Dante, a Raphael, a Goethe.

What is Grimm's attitude toward these greatest of men?

Until the middle of the eighteenth century all literature and art was looked upon merely as the creation of a few isolated individuals. Herder, Winckelmann, and the Romanticists have taught us to understand these few great individuals as products of the physical, social, and mental conditions of the masses from whom they sprang, as spokesmen of their time, as representatives of widespread intellectual movements; and the works of these men they have taught us to view less as proceeding from the conscious effort of private individuals than as born from the instinctive longings of the national spirit. Herman Grimm has by no means thrown away the invaluable insight gained by Herder and his followers. He would not have been a faithful keeper of the inheritance bequeathed to him by his father and his uncle, Wilhelm and Jacob Grimm, if he had not adhered to their belief in the inseparable union of national instincts and social currents with individual endeavour. Indeed, whatever may be said from the merely technical point of view against his first great book, the *Life of Michael Angelo*, it would be preposterous to deny that here we have one of the few biographies of the world's literature which show us a man in the very centre of the conflicting tendencies of his time, or which bring out the very essence of a given age in the experiences and aspirations of an individual life. And not even Taine could have expressed more tersely the overwhelming influence which the *milieu* exerts upon personality than these words from Grimm's essay on Carlo Saraceni:

> "It would be a mistake to speak of the inevitable decline of Italian art after the death of Lionardo, Raphael, Correggio, Michael Angelo, and Titian, in the sense as though in these five men Art had exhausted herself. Who will say that the creative power of nature is limited to the production of a certain number of great men? If we nevertheless speak of the inevitable decline of Italian art at that time, we mean by it that, if in those days a genius had been born, as it well might have been, it would not have been able to unfold itself, because the force of circumstances would not have permitted it."

Yet this very affinity between Grimm and Taine in philosophic doctrine brings out all the more clearly the contrast between Grimm and Taine in philosophic temper. Taine thinks as a scientist; Grimm thinks as an artist. For Taine the general movement is of prime importance; Grimm lays the chief emphasis upon the individual who represents the general movement. Taine is greater in analysing men who seem to have been nothing but tools of the intellectual or moral development of mankind, whose strength seems to have been absorbed by living out a certain phase of the world's history; Grimm is greater in depicting men who seem to stand by themselves, who seem to have taken rescue from the whirlpool of circumstance

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and fate into the serene regions of personal freedom.

Two types of these greatest of men are Grimm's particular favourites. The first type is represented by Michael Angelo and Goethe. Men like them take hold of life in all its varied relations; they are of the world; they try themselves in the most different fields of activity; they might equally well be statesmen, conquerors, artists, or philosophers; they show the impress of a continual grappling with new problems; it is impossible to understand their works without a full knowledge of their lives; the artist in them, however great, is yet of less significance to us than the man. The second type is that of men who, however stormy their existence in reality may be, as artists seem to be wholly independent of earthly vicissitudes. They are men who "aspire to belong to themselves in order to give form to what fills their imagination." They hardly seem to touch the ground; their spirits dwell above the earth, and their works, having been conceived in those higher regions "where the pure forms live," have something impersonal, one might say angelic, in them. Such men were Schiller and Raphael.

Which of these types Herman Grimm values most it would be hard to say. Although he has treated most fully the two men belonging to the former class, Michael Angelo and Goethe, one might almost feel inclined to infer from the peculiarly deep and mellow tone which pervades his *Life of Raphael*, that his heart beats still more strongly for men of the latter stamp. And it seems as though we had a right to hope that he will be spared to give us an equally fine characterisation, and one as deeply felt, of Raphael's German counterpart, of Schiller. More than any other living man does Grimm seem predestined to make the artist Schiller stand out as something more than an abstract idealist. For no other living man has the same wonderful faculty of creating *Stimmung* which he himself ascribes to Emerson:

"As the night-wind passing through the woods and over the meadows comes to us laden with the sweet breath of trees and grasses and flowers which we have not seen, so he surrounds us with the atmosphere of things as if they were in reality near us."

From what has been said it must have become clear that Herman Grimm is something vastly more than a mere analyser and interpreter of other men's works. He is a creative artist; he is a portrait painter of consummate skill and refinement. And he is more than a portrait painter; he is equally exquisite in the landscape, in still life, even in heroic scenes. He possesses that delicate receptivity which enables the true artist to hear and to see where other men are blind. He has the magic gift of making all things seem animate. By a word, by a mere interjection he transports his reader to the remotest times and lands; the strangest sights he makes familiar; he gives us a sense of being at home with the mighty shades of history. He is, in short, a reproductive genius such as there have been very few in any age and among any people; and his writings will be reckoned in times to come with the finest productions of that wonderful epoch of poetry of which he and Paul Heyse are perhaps the last afterglow.

Kuno Francke.

THE WOMEN'S LABOUR BUREAU: SIR WALTER BESANT'S NEW SCHEME.

An Interview.

In his sanctum, at Messrs. A. and C. Black's publishing house, hung round with pictures of old London, the city which he has made his special study, Sir Walter Besant may be found at his desk most days; but it is upon the breezy heights of Hampstead that he has made his home. He has called it "Frognal End," as it is situated at the furthest boundary of that pleasant district known as Frognal. The picturesque red house stands on a gentle eminence, and is approached by a path bordered by lawns and shady trees. Everything bears the impress of the proprietor, for the house has been planned

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and built under Sir Walter's own eye, and the grounds laid out after his own ideas. There is an utter absence of stiffness and formality; vegetables and strawberries thrive on sunny banks sloping down from the lawn, and are not relegated to an ugly kitchen garden. Flowers, fruit, and vegetables live amicably together in a setting of lawns and grassy slopes and under the protecting care of fine old trees which Sir Walter did not plant. Possibly the favourite child in the garden is a young quince-tree, looking as promising as its owner could desire. As you enter the house from the side porch, covered with greenery and flowers, it seems that the brightness and sunshine from without accompany you into Sir Walter Besant's study. It looks literally like a room set in a garden. From his writing-table in the centre of the room Sir Walter looks from the large open window upon a secluded piece of lawn covered with trees and shrubs which shut out from his gaze every other object save the sky and the thrushes, starlings, and blackbirds who peck in the grass, and are his particular friends and companions.

Of Sir Walter's genial personality one need not speak, nor of his command of language and flow of ideas which render him an ideal "interviewee." He loves to talk pacing the room to and fro, to and fro, staying by the window now and again to take note of a starling, or varying the exercise with a rest on the arm of his study chair. It is indeed difficult to fix upon one special topic for conversation with Sir Walter Besant, for he is ever evolving some new scheme. We all know of "The People's Palace," the splendid outcome of the ideas set forth in his story, *All Sorts and Conditions of Men*, and of that great and ever-increasing literary organisation the Authors' Society, whose excellent aims and objects are recognised alike by author and publisher, and I found Sir Walter full of a new scheme which applies very particularly to women.

One may at the outset say that Sir Walter Besant is partial to the feminine type known as the "womanly woman," and that he especially admires a woman at home. In that sad and pathetic story of struggling girl-life in London, *Katharine Regina*, Sir Walter writes that "the joy, the crown of love is to sit down and let a man work for them [women] and pour into their ample laps the harvest of his labours."

Now this is all very chivalrous and delightful; indeed, so chivalrous is Sir Walter Besant that, like another Sir Walter, he would lay down his cloak to save any woman's feet from the mud, even though she were not a queen. Although he has voted against opening the degrees of Cambridge University to women, a curious anomaly, he is quick to recognise the absolute futility of telling all women to confine themselves to domestic duties, and wishful to safeguard those who enter professional life against injustice. Indeed, Sir Walter Besant's attitude to women, though not so much in keeping with the spirit of the time as one could wish, has a tendency to disarm criticism. We know that he places woman on a pedestal and worships at her shrine.

The idea of establishing a Working Women's Bureau has been in his mind for some time, and during the last few months has begun to take shape. When I asked him how he proposed to start and carry on this much-needed institution, he replied:

"I have for many years had in my mind an idea of starting an association which should be of assistance and guidance to women in the various branches of professional work into which they are now so rapidly coming forward, and in which unfortunately they are often extremely ill-paid. Though I speak of an association as for working women, I do not include factory girls or servants; it is for the benefit of a class who need it even more—the educated woman who has to earn her own living. It would be of the greatest advantage to ladies engaged in literary and journalistic work, and one may also add that it would indirectly benefit men, by keeping up the price of such work. Women who enter fields of labour in competition with men should demand a fair price for what they do, but my experience leads me to the conclusion that the entrance of women into journalism at the present time depreciates prices, and should this continue, journalism will come to the same sad condition here as it is in America."

"One would have supposed that in a country where newspapers are so much in demand journalism was an excellent profession—and you think, Sir Wal-

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ter, that its decadence has begun in America?"

"There can be no doubt about it. I will tell you an incident which occurred when I was leaving America after my recent visit. I was in the midst of packing my portmanteau before leaving the hotel in New York for the steamer, when some journalists came and asked for a parting interview. I replied that I had talked myself out in about fifty interviews and had nothing further to say. One man pushed forward and said, 'I have an important question to ask, and I beg that you will give me a few minutes.' I agreed, and he said, 'I want to ask you when you get back home to write something in the English newspapers that will draw attention to the terrible state to which journalism has come in this country.' Then he related a distressing story of how he had been cut down and cut down in price until he now found it almost impossible to make a decent living, work as hard as he might. I told him that if he would write out the story and sign it with his name, I would undertake to get it printed in an English newspaper. Possibly he was afraid of bringing worse consequences upon himself if he published his name, for he did not comply with my suggestion. I had my doubts about the truth of his statements at the time, but now I believe that every word which he said was true. Well, such is the sad state of journalism in America, and to prevent a similar depreciation in this country, it is to the interest of men and women alike that the work of women should be protected by organisation. We hope that the establishment of a Women's Labour Bureau will afford the needed protection, and prevent women from working either in literature, journalism, or any other profession under a standard price."

"And do you think, Sir Walter, that it is only women who work under price? Are there not plenty of men ready to write for just what they can get?"

"Certainly; my experience in connection with the Authors' Society has shown me that there is an appalling number of both sexes who desire to get published at any price, or at no price at all. They come to us with their manuscripts and say, 'We do not mind about payment, but we want to get our matter into print.' There is far too much of this idea of getting published without the work offered being able to secure proper remuneration. If a thing is worth publishing, it is worth paying for."

"And what are your plans for organising the Women's Labour Bureau?"

"There would be a head office in London and branch societies throughout the country, and we should require a very able secretary with the gift of organisation, and I may add," continued Sir Walter, "that I consider that women have superior administrative gifts to men; they know how to organise. We should have honorary secretaries in the villages and smaller towns, but in big cities like Liverpool, Manchester, and Birmingham, where the work would be very heavy, we should require paid secretaries, who would devote the whole of their time to the work. All branches would be in communication with the head office, where a complete registry would be kept of women seeking employment in the various professions. Any one requiring a secretary, governess, journalist, and so forth would apply to the head office, and we should send them exactly the person to suit their requirements, and make it our business to see that proper remuneration was given. Our Society would itself be a guarantee as to the character and ability of any one entered on its books. Women wanting appointments would in like manner apply to us, and we should introduce them to employers."

"The scheme sounds very delightful, Sir Walter, and could not fail to be of immense help to professional women, but how do you propose to make it pay?"

"There need be no difficulty about that," was Sir Walter's cheery rejoinder; "we should need a paper as an organ for the Association, and naturally each member would be a subscriber. In large centres, like London and Manchester, we should probably dispose of ten thousand copies per week, so you see at once that the paper would alone give us a substantial revenue. I have also an idea that each member of the Association should pay a small yearly subscription—say half-a-crown, which would be cheaper for those benefiting by our introductions than agents' fees. Then we should certainly have a colonial edition of the paper, and probably a conti-

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nental one, too, as we wish the scheme to be as far-reaching as possible, and it would be part of our work to introduce English ladies to appointments in the colonies and abroad.'

"Do you intend to appeal to the public for subscriptions to assist in the founding of the Women's Labour Bureau?"

"No, I should not like to have it regarded from a charitable or philanthropic standpoint; it should be self-supporting, like the Authors' Society; my idea is simply to form an association for guarding the work of women on exactly the same principles as in the Authors' Society we protect the interests of members engaged in literary and journalistic pursuits. A part of my scheme is to provide technical instruction for women. Another important point is that we should have our own firm of solicitors to advise the members gratis on legal matters, such as wrongful dismissal, obtaining money owing from insolvent debtors, in the same way in which the Authors' Society assists its members. Here is an example. A paper lately gone bankrupt is in debt to members of the Society to the extent of hundreds of pounds. Our solicitors will recover as much of this as is possible, and what they obtain will be handed to those entitled to it *without any deduction for legal expenses.* If they had not been members of our Society, they must have lost their money or have consulted a private solicitor, and expended the greater portion of the money which he succeeded in obtaining in fees. Upon this principle we mean to work in the Women's Bureau."

SIR WALTER BESANT.

From his latest photograph.

This is the scheme which Sir Walter Besant's fertile mind has formulated, and in order to bring it before those interested in the work of women, he read a paper before the National Union of Women Workers. Mrs. Creighton, the wife of the Bishop of London, presided, and at the close of the address she suggested to Sir Walter that he should formally propose that the Women's Labour Bureau should be started as a branch of the National Union of Women Workers, which he accordingly did. He feels that it is a fitting thing for women to push forward a scheme to

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help their sister women in the struggle of earning a livelihood. There is, however, always a fear that when a scheme becomes a mere branch of another association it will dwindle into a secondary kind of thing and partake a little of the form of charitable philanthropy, which would be fatal to the success of a Women's Bureau if it is to be of use to the professional class of women, "working ladies," as Sir Walter prefers to call them. It is time that they were lifted out of that kind of thing and organised, if they be organised at all, on self-supporting and strict business principles. Should the Bureau not attain the far-reaching aims which have been laid down, Sir Walter will, we believe, in the future be willing to float it as the large, comprehensive, and independent association which all professional women who value their own dignity and desire to compete in the various avocations of life on equal terms with men, and ask for no favour, would desire to see the Women's Labour Bureau made, and there could be no better model than the Authors' Society. The present year is rich in schemes for the advancement of women, and scarcely had the formation of the Bureau been taken up by the National Union of Women Workers when Mrs. Wynford Philipps came forward as the reorganiser of the Pioneer Club and the founder of a Women's Institute, which is to include in its scope a Labour Bureau, and to which will be affiliated most of the existing societies for women. It has been arranged that Sir Walter Besant's scheme adopted by the National Union of Women Workers shall practically be worked through the Women's Institute to be founded at Grosvenor Crescent.

It is nearly ten years ago since Sir Walter Besant wrote in his story, *Katharine Regina*:

> "Among the many useful and beneficial inventions which wait for Man—I am sure that the Woman will never bring any of them along—is an Institute or Home for Working Ladies which they will love. It is very much wanted, because in these latter days there are so many ladies who have to work, and the number is daily increasing, so that it will be wanted very much more. In fact, we seem to be getting so poor that in all probability the next generation will know of no ladies except those who work."

Rapid strides have been made, and by women, too, in spite of Sir Walter's prophecy to the contrary, in the direction of forming Homes and Clubs for women which shall be free of the absurd restrictions and prim, soul-killing proprieties which rendered the Harley Street Home of Sir Walter Besant's story little better than a prison. When reference was made to this subject, Sir Walter took from his drawer a newspaper cutting which described a Woman's Hotel shortly to be opened in America, where it is proposed to provide accommodation for some two thousand women, each having a separate room and living *en famille*. "Now does not that strike you with horror?" he inquired; "do you think two thousand women shut up in an hotel to themselves are likely to be happy?" I was weak enough to confess that the idea was not exhilarating, and that a judicious modicum of male society would be an improvement.

"That is just what I think," replied Sir Walter; "women are not happy shut up in these residential houses by themselves, even on the small scale in which they exist in London. It may be cheap and helpful to single women working professionally, that I do not deny, but after the first novelty has worn off it becomes dreary and monotonous. I am convinced that, to be happy, a woman must have the semblance of a home about her. She does not take naturally to the more public kind of living, neither is it good for colonies of women to be shut up to themselves; neither men nor women are helped by living apart, and these residential schemes should try and include provision for social intercourse between the sexes. When the Women's Labour Bureau is sufficiently advanced, I hope to see in connection with it a club for women made as homelike as it is possible for it to be made, where they will have recreation rooms, evenings for social gatherings, and reference libraries."

It was useless to point out to Sir Walter that there is an increasing number of social clubs for women in London of an unrestricted character where man is welcomed, and where he "many a time and oft" doth venture; Sir Walter is fully persuaded that the right sort of thing has not been arrived at yet. If he is able in the future to formulate a scheme for a residential club which will render single women happy, he will have earned the thanks of all women.

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As the former Chairman of the Authors' Society, Sir Walter Besant has been brought into contact with great numbers of struggling women and of girls seeking an outlet in life. Letters from such pour in upon him in great numbers, and it occurred to me to ask him whether he did not find among his correspondents a growing dislike to the teaching profession, a tendency among girls to "strike" against being governesses.

"Yes," he replied, "I find that spirit of distaste growing, and small wonder at it when you consider the revelations made by my friend Miss Low on how poor ladies live. The thought of devoting the best years of your life to the arduous work of teaching upon a salary which does not permit saving for old age, is enough to make girls shrink from being governesses and to turn to other means of earning a livelihood in preference."

"FROGNAL END," SIR WALTER BESANT'S HOUSE.

"Do you think, Sir Walter, that there should be any restriction regarding the work which women undertake in competition with men?"

"I think that it is a pity for them to force themselves into positions which they are not able adequately to fill, and so depreciate the pay, because it is not easy to raise it again when men follow them. The whole field of literature and journalism should be freely opened to women, for they have very decided abilities for that class of work and are succeeding all along the line, but I think it is a pity for a girl to take the place of a clerk in a business house in the city at half-pay. A man is turned out of the position to make way for her, and is frequently unable to secure as good a berth in its place. He has to live on some small pittance, and is unable to marry, and the girl who has taken his place has a meagre salary which does not make it possible for her to support herself comfortably in a home. I think everything is bad, in an economic sense, which tends to prevent marriage, it being the great safeguard of our national life. Speaking of women's capacity," he continued, "I do not think that they have shown themselves equal to men in intellectual achievements."

"But what chance have they had, Sir Walter? They have for centuries had next to no education, or at best a superficial and ornamental one."

"True; I am not prophesying about the future. Improved education will show great development in the capacity of women, but I say that up to the present they have not shown themselves equal to men—where is your great woman dramatist, where your musical composer, and where your great woman poet?"

"When you come to fiction," continued Sir Walter, "women excel. Now

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SIR WALTER BESANT'S STUDY.

it is in the world of fiction that women have made, and will, I venture to predict, make their greatest mark."

"Whom do you consider our greatest woman novelist?"

But Sir Walter evaded committing himself to criticism upon the women who to-day are taking a leading place among novelists, and cautiously expressed his admiration for Jane Austen and Maria Edgeworth. "No one can deny," he said, "the great intellectual power and wonderful gifts of a novelist like George Eliot, but I must confess that I have not that unbounded admiration for George Eliot which many people have. Mrs. Gaskell is a more charming and delightful novelist, so beautiful and womanly in all her instincts, as well as being a most accomplished writer."

"What about the proposed school of fiction, Sir Walter? Are they going to manufacture novelists?"

"A great deal of nonsense has been written about this. I am not engaged in starting any such school. But I quite approve of a College of Literature. Of course no one expects to make novelists simply by educating people in the mere technique of the art. I remember some time ago when I was about to give a lecture on the 'Art of Fiction,' my old friend James Payn looked at me in consternation and said, 'For God's sake don't tell them how to do it.' Well," continued Sir Walter, with a laugh at this reminiscence, "I am not advocating a scheme to flood the world with novelists; but I should like to see established a college which would be devoted entirely to the cultivation of literature in all branches, and it should be opened equally to girls and youths. There might be courses of lectures on Literature, Criticism, Style, Rhetoric, on the Drama, on Construction. There would be a school for English composition, including fiction. I am perfectly certain that a college for literature is needed. I should like to say to some of the promising young novelists of the day, 'How much better you would have written if your natural abilities had had specific training.' No amount of education can

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supply the writer's faculty, which is inborn, but a college would train those who have it to use it in the very highest way. We do not suppose that we are going to make geniuses. People complain of the Art Schools that they have not produced great artists, but I would say that if they have not made artists, they have at least cultivated the taste for art, and raised its standard. Look into old volumes and see what an advance has been made in the matter of illustration in present-day literature. Think of the illustrations of such artists as Leech, and how greatly we have improved upon them."

I had further proof of Sir Walter Besant's versatility and antiquarian lore as I said good-bye under the sunny porch. It was a history of my own name, derived, I was assured, from St. Olaf, the patron saint of Scandinavia, and I quitted Frognal End with the astonishing information that my husband's ancestors must have been Vikings, that they probably destroyed old London Bridge, built the church of St. Olaf to appease the unfortunate Saxon, and that Tooley Street grew up hard by, and is the rightful possession of the family. Let all people who wish to trace their ancestry repair to Sir Walter Besant, and he may, as the newspaper advertisements have it, be able to tell them of "something to their benefit."

Sarah A. Tooley.

THE PHOTOGRAPH.

See dis pictyah in my han' ?
Dat's my gal ;
Ain't she purty ? goodness lan' !
Huh name Sal.
Dat's de very way she be—
Kin' o' tickles me to see
Huh a-smilin' back at me.

She sont me dis photygraph
Jes' las' week ;
An' aldough hit made me laugh—
My black cheek
Felt somethin' a-runnin' queer ;
Bless yo' soul, it was a tear
Jes' f'om wishin' she was here.

Often when I's all alone
Layin' here,
I git t'inkin' 'bout my own
Sallie dear :
How she say dat I's huh beau,
An' hit tickles me to know
Dat de gal do love me so.

Some bright day I's goin' back,
Fo' de la !
An' ez sho' 'z my face is black,
Ax huh pa
Fu' de blessed little Miss
Who 's a smilin' out o' dis
Pictyah, lak she wan'ed a kiss !

Paul Laurence Dunbar.

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MR. BARRIE'S EARLY DAYS IN JOURNALISM

The main distinction of Nottingham journalism lies in the fact that it is associated with the name of Mr. J. M. Barrie. But to-day the famous author is only a tradition in this pretty Midland town. His press days take us back to a past era of local journalism, and save for the old files of the *Nottingham Journal* and his own novel, *When a Man's Single*, there is little or no evidence of his sojourn in Laceland. There are one or two men still engaged on the *Nottingham Press*, who were so employed during Mr. Barrie's brief connection with the *Journal*, but they never met him, never even heard of him while he was a fellow-labourer in the same field, and only know him by his subsequent fame. This is readily accounted for, as he led a very retired and secluded life, meeting nobody outside his own office and familiarising with few within. Writing on this point to the Rev. A. H. Watts, of Nottingham, who was lecturing on his works recently, Mr. Barrie says:

"I thank you for your letter, and wish you had a better subject for your lecture. I don't know of any personal article about myself that is not imaginary and largely erroneous. But there is really nothing to tell that would interest any one. Yes, I was in Nottingham for a year, and liked it well, though I was known to scarce any one. If you ever met an uncouth stranger wandering in the dark round the castle, ten or twelve years ago, his appearance unimpressive, a book in each pocket, and his thoughts three hundred miles due north, it might have been the subject of your lecture."

The newspaper on which Mr. Barrie was engaged was discontinued and incorporated with a more successful rival shortly after he went to London to enter that larger field of literature in which he has achieved such a brilliant and lasting success. So that his old colleagues have been scattered far and wide, Mr. Gilmour, now a successful barrister-at-law and private secretary to Lord Rosebery, and formerly a reporter on the *Journal*, being the only one with whom the old friendship seems to have been maintained. Thus it is that you may ask in vain of any on the local Press for a souvenir of the distinguished author whom Nottingham once entertained unawares.

Mr. Barrie had graduated in 1882, and was in Edinburgh for several months waiting, like Micawber, for something to turn up. The something did turn up in the shape of an offer of the post of leader-writer on the *Nottingham Journal*, this resulting from an application which Mr. Barrie had made in reply to an advertisement. The salary offered was not princely: three guineas a week, in fact. But it was a splendid opportunity for putting his journalistic ability to the test, and in February of 1883 he commenced his brief career as a journalist in Nottingham. In some respects Nottingham is an ideal town for a literary man; it presents so many interesting phases of life that one who is a student of character cannot fail to profit by a stay in it. Neither an important city nor yet a sleepy town, it is something of both. The bustle of commerce and money-making is seen in its busy streets

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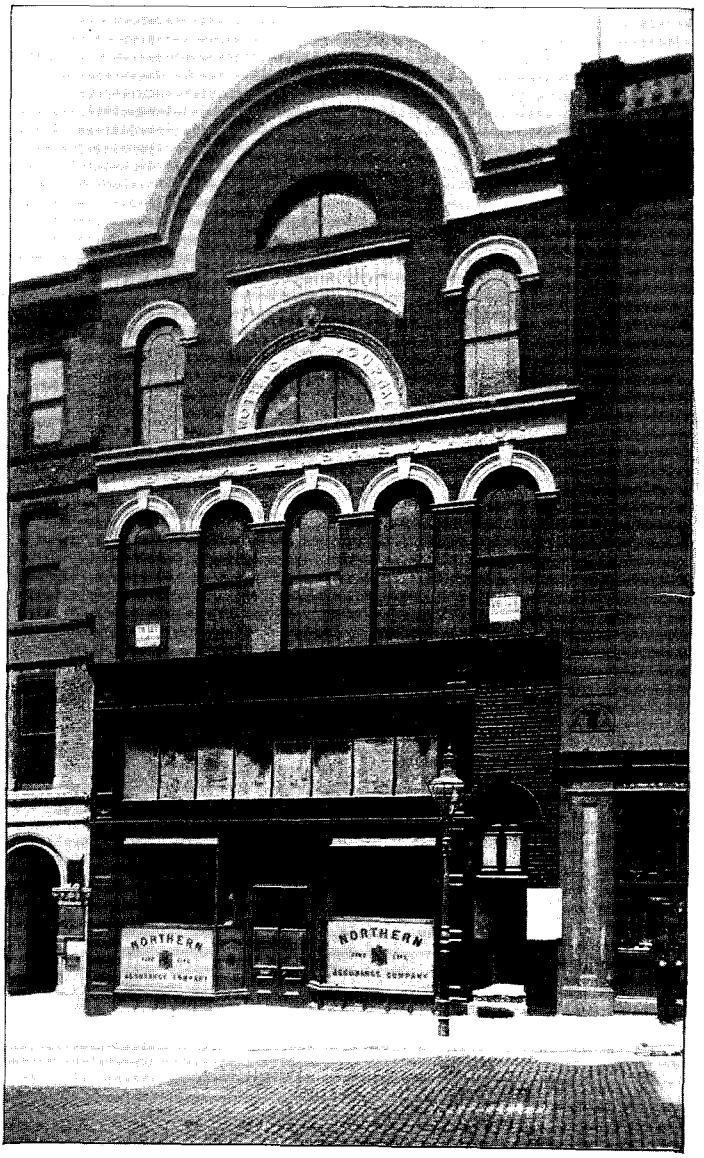
and its frequent factories; but it retains much of the old-fashioned village or parochial spirit. The city and the village seem to be mixed up in Nottingham, and though the village predominates, it is slowly succumbing. The town is really a congeries of large villages which have put their arms round each other's necks and made the modern Nottingham. The new and the gaudy mingle with the old and the historic, the rude rustic lingers beside the smart "city" man, the factory and the warehouse fight an unequal battle with the orchard and the garden even to the very heart of the town. Here, in a place of many beauties and not a few blemishes, in a town with some intellectual aspirations and with tendencies in other directions, there is much food for the mind of the novelist, and it is evident that Nottingham has left its impress on Mr. Barrie.



THE OLD OFFICE OF THE "NOTTINGHAM JOURNAL."

The newspaper with which Mr. Barrie had become attached in 1883 was a very old-fashioned specimen of journalism, yet it was conducted during its long career as an independent publication with considerable ability, and would compare not unfavourably with many existing dailies of the same class. Mr. Barrie was not editor-in-chief, but he was editor *de facto*; for he was allowed to write as much as he liked and whatever he liked, his safety valve being the foreman compositor, whose setting power—that is, the capacity of his men for putting into type the matter produced by the literary staff—seems to have dictated the contents of the paper. But the young leader-writer, or editor, or whatever we may term him, must have had a prodigious capacity for work, as the columns of the *Journal* in 1883 and 1884 bear witness. In addition to writing his daily editorial contributions, which often panned out to two or three columns, he also contributed every Monday a special article signed "Hippomenes," and every Thursday the same signature was appended to a column of sparkling notes headed "The Modern Peripatetic." Of these various writings the most interesting to-day are, of

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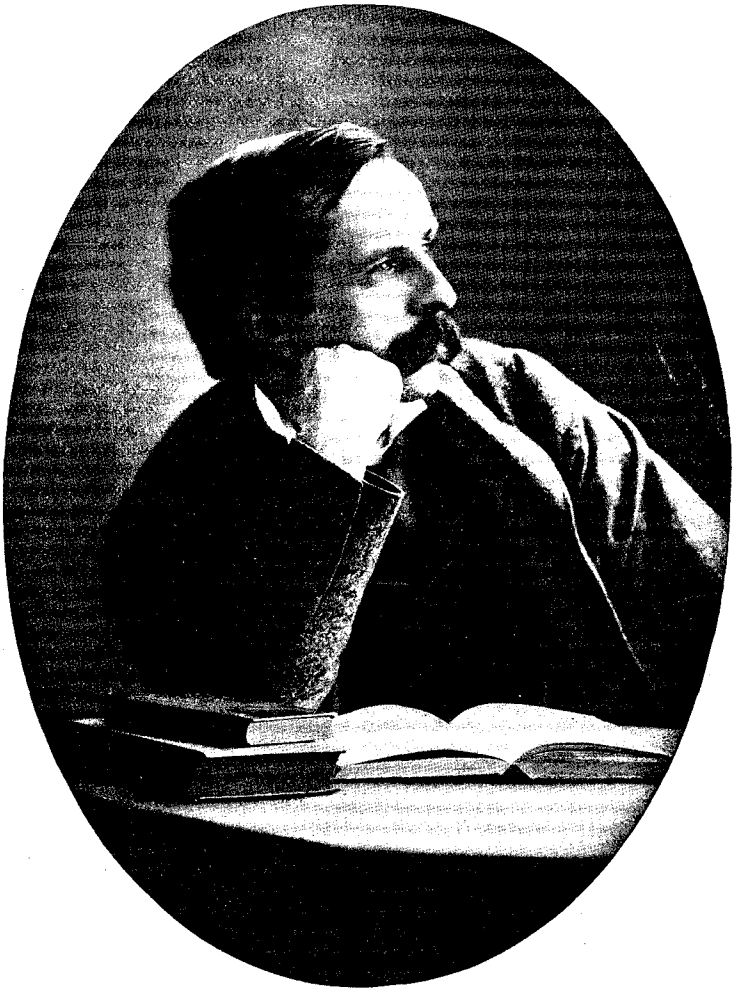
course, the special articles, many of which would bear republication. The range of topics to which the young author turned his pen seems to have been without limit; he was equally at home discussing "The Marriage Knot," or "The Midnight Oil," "An Old Moral-

little reflective passages as this are above the usual newspaper standard:

"The glue that keeps the world together is self-esteem. It is terrible to think of what might happen did Smith some time take it into his head that it was not worth his while to try to out-do Robinson, or Brown that life would still



MR. BARRIE IN 1883.

From a photograph taken in Glasgow.

ity Play," or "Tom, Dick, and Harry." These articles have all a rich literary flavour, and prove their author a man of wide reading. The notes of "The Modern Peripatetic" are of unequal merit. Taken in the bulk they are excellent journalism, and occasionally they rise to the height of literature. Such

be worth living though his income was fifty pounds per annum short of Jones's. Self-esteem takes the form of a vehement desire to rise superior to our neighbours, and in all Great Britain there is not in all probability a single street which does not contain at least one superior family. A superior family is one that esteems itself so very much that it cannot avoid looking down on its surroundings, and it is perfectly happy in the knowledge that its drawing-

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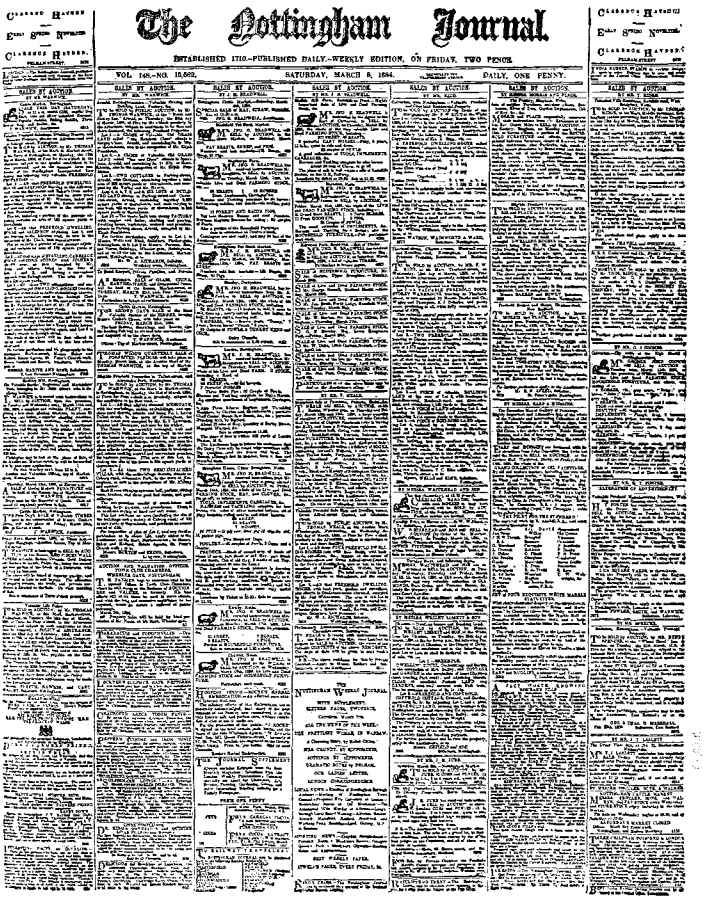
room is one foot by one and a half larger than any other in the vicinity."

Or this :

"The candid critic is a gentleman of whom all authors approve when he praises their last volume. 'What I wanted,' they explain, 'is no gush of praise, as from a friend, but simply a calm, just review, slating my work if it deserves slating, commending it if it deserves commendation.' Noble fellows! Then when the critic, who is very young in this case, observes that the work bears distinct traces of genius, is Shakespearian without Shakespeare's coarseness, reminds one of Milton in his best moments, and suggests Tennyson before the Poet Laureate's hand lost its cunning, the author smiles gently to himself, and repeats that what he wanted was an honest criticism, and he thinks he has got it."

There is subtle humour in the following :

"A great deal of nonsense will be talked over the Queen's book for the next nine days. It is said that too many benefits were showered upon John Brown, but that is nonsense. In the new book the Queen tells how she presented her attendant on one occasion with an oxidised silver biscuit box, which drew tears from his eyes and the exclamation that this was too much. 'God knows it is not,' is Her Majesty's remark, and I cannot see that it was."


The Nottingham Journal.

ESTABLISHED 1710.—PUBLISHED DAILY.—WEEKLY EDITION, ON FRIDAY, TWO PENCE.

VOL. 168.—NO. 15,662. SATURDAY, MARCH 8, 1884. DAILY, ONE PENNY.

SALES BY AUCTION.

REDUCED FAC-SIMILE OF THE "JOURNAL" PAGE.

This is also a good specimen of Mr. Barrie's capacity for delicately exaggerating a story in a semi Yankee fashion, and yet without the boisterousness of the American humourist. His effects, though striking and laughter-compelling, are always attained with a delicacy of touch which no trans-Atlantic "funny man" can ever hope to equal :

"A public meeting friend of my acquaintance used to attend every meeting in his neighbourhood for the purpose of calling out 'Here, here,' 'Question,' 'Order,' and 'No, no,' and always turned to the newspapers of the next day with anxiety to see if his share in the proceedings had been reported. Where they were attended to he carefully preserved copies of the newspapers, and there can be little doubt that this is the most singular case of literary vanity known since the introduction of printing."

One more extract from these early writings of our distinguished author is worth quoting :

"The scene was a law court in Paris, and an eloquent young advocate was pleading the cause of his client in a way that brought tears to the eyes of many of his hearers. The speech was recited from memory, and the pleader had taken the precaution of distributing printed copies among the reporters, so that his speech should read properly in the morning's newspapers. 'And now,' he exclaimed, 'I feel myself wholly unworthy to occupy the proud position I hold this day. The onerous nature of the task makes me tremble lest I should not do my unhappy client justice, and I would to God that an abler advocate would take my place.' Here he faltered, put his handkerchief to his eyes, and seemed overcome with emotion. Unfortunately one of the reporters did not understand, and fearing that the lawyer had forgotten what came next, he hurriedly looked up the

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place in his copy of the speech to prompt him. 'But the tears I see now,' he exclaimed in a loud whisper, 'in the eyes of my unhappy client, nerve me to the task.' Of course, the tables were dissolved in laughter, and the eloquent pleader found that untimely interruption had been sufficient to rob him of a reputation."

In these columns of *obiter dicta*, Mr. Barrie occasionally attempted verse, and even endeavoured to give renderings of Horace; but it would be wrong to say that he wooed the tuneful Nine with any measure of success. Although these early efforts would make excellent "copy" if reproduced to-day, we shall not seek to disturb their repose in the forgotten files of the old *Journal*.

I cannot agree with Dr. Robertson Nicoll that Mr. Barrie's hand is not traceable in the "leaders" which he wrote for the *Journal*. One could scarcely fail to recognise it in such a passage as this, which I take from the "first leader" in the *Journal* of January 12th, 1884:

"There are optimists and pessimists all over this miserable world. The optimists believe that everything is on the road to being better, and take a cheerful view of civilised society. They know that men have made serious mistakes in the past, and will continue to make them to the end of the chapter, but, taking one thing with another, they are firmly convinced that mankind is advancing, and that this wretched world is not a bad place to live in—especially after dinner. The pessimists take the gloomiest view of matters. Everything is awry and out of joint. Property is not diffused as it ought to be, nor is wealth. Providence will persist in ramming round men into square holes and square men into round holes. The rich have it all their own way, the poor are nowhere. [I have always understood they were everywhere!] Society is sitting on a powder magazine which some fine morning will go off with a crash and wreck the work of ages. Nothing is as it ought to be. Men are not fed as they should be, nor housed, nor taught. The earth is an antechamber to hell, and the sons of man are whirled through space at the rate of 60,000 miles an hour, with their God's face averted from them."

Mr. Barrie seems to have had two pet subjects for editorial treatment: Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Henry George. Russell of the *Scotsman* (Edinburgh) told a lady once that when he was hard up for a topic he just had another "dirl at Dr. Chalmers." Mr. Barrie returns again and again to the consideration of various phases of the political protagonist, and he is never tired of denouncing Mr. George's Single Tax. They seem to have been as useful to him as Dr. Chalmers was to Russell.

It is well known of course that *When a Man's Single* is the result of Mr. Barrie's stay in Nottingham. With the merits of the book as a novel I do not purpose dealing, and will only say that it strikes me as rather juvenile, the character of Rob Angus quite failing to convince. Its real value lies in the more or less accurate glimpses it affords behind the scenes of literary life; for, though Mr. Barrie's journalistic experience at the time he wrote the book was inconsiderable and very circumscribed, he has the true novelist's genius for typifying, and, if we exclude Rob Angus, the literary characters of the story may be described as studies from life. One might say this were like criticising *Hamlet* with the Prince left out; but I believe that what I state will be endorsed by those who are familiar with literary life behind the scenes. The Silchester of the book is Nottingham, and the *Daily Mirror* is the old *Nottingham Journal*; but beyond the incidents relating to the experiences of Rob Angus on the *Mirror* staff, there is practically no attempt at "local colour." The description of the *Mirror* headquarters is very much in keeping with the reality.

"The *Mirror's* offices," writes the author, "are nearly crushed out of sight in a block of buildings left in the middle of a street for town councils to pull down gradually. This island of houses, against which a sea of humanity beats daily, is cut in two by a narrow passage, off which several doors open. One of these leads up a dirty stair to the editorial and composing rooms of the *Daily Mirror*, and down a dirty stair to its printing rooms. It is the door at which you may hammer for an hour without any one's paying the least attention."

The block of buildings still remains, and there is no reason to suppose that the Corporation will seek to pull it down any time within the life of the present generation; for it is an exaggeration to say that it stands in the middle of a street, and the ocean bed which carries the "sea of humanity" on either side is wide enough for all practical purposes. The "dirty stair" is still there, though a recent coat of paint has temporarily falsified the adjective, and the narrow passage where Rob Angus lingered so long still cuts the island of houses in two.

The interior of the old office is more interesting, if less imposing than its elevation. All the fittings and appliances

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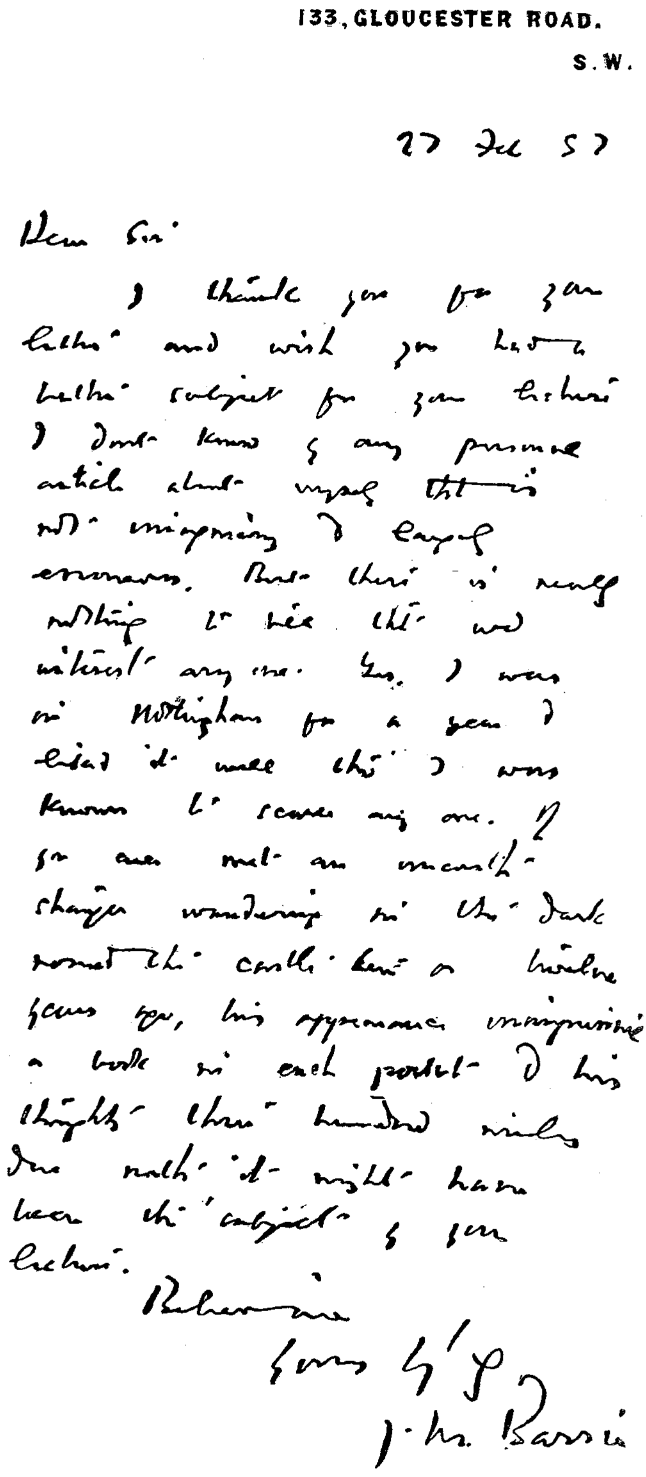
used in the production of the *Mirror* have vanished long since, but in Mr. Barrie's pages these have found something like immortality.

"The editor's room had a carpet, and was chiefly furnished with books sent in for review. It was more comfortable, but more gloomy-looking than the reporters' room, which had a long desk running along one side of it, and a bunk for holding coals and old newspapers on the other side. The floor was so littered with newspapers, many of them still in their wrappers, that, on his way between his seat and the door, the reporter generally kicked one or more into the bunk. It was in this way, unless an apprentice happened to be otherwise disengaged, that the floor was swept.

"In this room were a reference library and an old coat. The library was within reach of the sub-editor's hand, and contained some fifty books which the literary staff could consult, with the conviction that they would find the page they wanted missing. The coat had hung unbrushed on a nail for many years, and was so thick with dust that John Milton (the junior reporter) could draw pictures on it with his finger. According to legend, it was the coat of a distinguished novelist, who had once been a reporter on the *Mirror*, and had left Silchester unostentatiously by his window."

The slight touch of obvious caricature in this description does not interfere with its truth; for any one who has had experience of journalistic life in the office of a newspaper of the standing of the *Mirror*, will immediately recognise the fidelity of the picture. That reporters' room, with the long desk running along one side of it, its old newspapers, and the economical method of sweeping its floor, are all familiar to the scribe who has toiled on provincial newspapers, and on the London press for that matter. And


133, GLOUCESTER ROAD.
S.W.

27 Dec 97

Dear Sir,

I thank you for your letter and wish you had a better subject for your lecture. I don't know of any previous article about myself that is not uninteresting to myself enormously. But there is really nothing to tell that would interest any one. Yes, I was in Nottingham for a year. I lived so quietly there that I was known to scarce any one. If you ever met an uncouth stranger wandering in the dark round the castle some ten or twelve years ago, his appearance uninspiring, a book in each pocket and his thoughts three hundred miles due north, it might have been the subject of your lecture.

Believe me
yours truly
J. M. Barrie

FAC-SIMILE OF MR. BARRIE'S LETTER TO THE REV. A. H. WATTS (SEE PAGE 116).

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where is the journalist who has not experienced over and over again the delight of turning to the scanty reference library, to find that the page he requires in one or other of its books has been destroyed, to light a pipe, perhaps, or through a mishap to the junior reporter when he has been trying how many volumes he could balance on his nose? The coat, too: where is there a reporters' room without that coat, and its tradition?

The charm of the *Mirror* staff, who, for the most part, belong to a bygone Bohemian era, is only heightened by the artistic touch of caricature with which the author rivets them in our memory. Chief among them stands Penny, the foreman compositor. He was the most important man in the office, not excepting Mr. Licquorish, the editor (an entirely fictitious character), and Barrie depicts him as "a lank, loosely jointed man of forty, who shuffled about the office in slippers, ruled the compositors with a loud voice and a blustering manner, and was believed to be in Mr. Licquorish's confidence. His politics were respect for the House of Lords, because it rose early, enabling him to have it set before supper time." Penny is a wonderfully typical character, he might serve for any foreman compositor; and his scenes with Protheroe, the sub-editor, are pictures of events which are happening in hundreds of newspaper offices every day and every night. For your true foreman believes he is autocrat of the press, and will not alter the time of getting his stereo plates ready for the machines though the heavens should fall. I know of one of the fraternity who actually refused to correct the proof of his editor's leader because it had not been returned in time—and that editor was the proprietor of the paper, a baronet and a member of parliament to boot!

Penny not only ruled the *Mirror* compositors, he domineered the sub-editor, and, if the truth must be told, Mr. Barrie, the nominal editor of the paper, was at the mercy of this picturesque tyrant. There were occasions, however, when Penny's nature underwent a change.

"Sometimes about two o'clock in the morning Penny would get sociable, and the sub-editor was always glad to respond. On these occasions they talked with bated breath about the amount of copy that would come in should anything happen to Mr. Gladstone; and the sub-editor, if he was in a despondent mood, predicted it would occur at midnight. Thinking of this had made him a conservative."

Mr. Gladstone still holds on with remarkable tenacity to the silver thread of life, while the *Journal* disappeared many years ago.

The original of Penny, who, in person, is not to be recognised in Mr. Barrie's fancy portrait, is still alive; but he gave up the struggle with editors, sub-editors and smaller newspaper fry, long ago, and is now spending an age of ease as the proprietor of a neat little hotel in one of the suburbs of Nottingham. He is about the only one in Nottingham who remembers anything of Barrie, and in the course of a chat with him the other day he told me that in those far-off days Barrie gave him the impression of one who, behind a shyness of manner, had the capacity for winning success. Though others, who might have been expected to appreciate the literary talent of which Barrie gave unmistakable evidence during his connection with the *Journal*, were blind to his qualities, or not sufficiently interested in his work to recognise its promise, the living representative of Penny will assure you that he always felt Barrie would make his mark. Depend upon an old comp for nosing out literary talent—especially after it has been discovered. But Penny can claim some slight share in Barrie's early literary labours; for one of the first articles which our novelist managed to "place" in London was the description of a descent of a coal mine in the neighbourhood of Clifton Grove, which Kirk White's muse has rendered famous, and on this expedition Penny acted as guide, philosopher and friend to the young journalist. Penny's devotion to literature, however, had not, at a very recent date, extended so far as *When a Man's Single*, which he confessed he had not read! But he means to read it some day—when he gets time—and he would like to see Barrie again, "before I peg out;" for the snows of many winters are gathering on the old compositor's head.

Billy Kirker, the chief reporter of the *Mirror*, represents a journalistic type which is not yet extinct. He was a thorough Bohemian, "his ring, it was

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noticed, generally disappeared about the middle of the month, and his scarf-pin followed it by the twenty-first. With the beginning of the month they reappeared together. The literary staff was paid monthly." And, oh! how many Billy Kirkers I have known; always "talking shop," drawing lurid pictures of the inadequacy of their own staffs as compared with their rivals', in order to show how much more and how much better work they can produce with their limited resources. "Enterprise without outlay is the motto of this office," were among the first words of Billy's greeting to Rob Angus when he had summoned the courage to mount that dirty stair and face his fate inside the *Mirror* office. Here Barrie is absolutely faithful to fact; for these words might well have been substituted for the legend "*Pro Rege, Lege, Grege*," which adorned the editorial page of the old *Journal*. But Billy Kirker had no ill-will to his deadly rival on the opposition paper, as he explained with charming naïveté to Rob. "Oh, no," said Kirker, "we help each other. For instance, if Daddy Walsh, the *Argus* chief, is drunk, I help him, and if I am drunk he helps me. I am going down to the 'Frying Pan' to see him now."

Before going to the "Frying Pan" he borrowed five shillings from the new recruit from Thrums. The "Frying Pan" is the fictitious name for a small public-house of very uninviting aspect, which still stands near to the *Daily Express* office; but it is frequented by a class to whom Barrie's is a closed book. Time was when a convivial crew, known as the Kettle Club, whose chief delights were spinning yarns and hard drinking, had their headquarters there. Rumour says that Barrie was once induced to visit this home of intellectual refinement; but rumour could have given even the members of the Kettle Club points and a beating. To-day, the so-called "Press House" is a tavern a few yards removed from the "Frying Pan," and there penny-a-liners and half-fledged reporters drink beer and fancy themselves full-blown journalists, carrying down tradition of Billy Kirker and that bright Bohemian band. But there are no Barries among them.

J. A. Hammerton.

TWO APOSTLES OF SIMPLICITY.

"Art for art's sake" in France refuses to give place to the utilitarian formula "art for life's sake," so dear to sundry "neo-Christians" and writers with a purpose. Indirectly, however, recent French fiction is often almost as didactic as the Philistine could desire; for many a writer, disgusted with perverse rationalism, seeks some high compulsion to idealistic conceptions and more decent living, and having found his satisfaction depicts the manner of its attainment. Huysmans, for instance, in his recent novel, *En Route*, described an act of faith, the perfectly unreasoning process by which he jumped out of dirty scepticism into a morbid and somewhat heathen catholicism. But even before this and long before "the bankruptcy of science" became a Parisian byword, Maeterlinck had turned from reason to mysticism. In gruesome plays he had expressed the mysterious terror of death. In essays on Novalis, Emerson, and the unknown but "admirable" Ruysbroeck he then meditated the vague beauty of sundry metaphysical intuitions. And at last, fascinated by the spiritual life and disgusted with stage conditions, he devoted himself to "pale ideals of silence and of darkness." But the dramatist in him was not quite dead. His old art still tempted him. He has yielded, and in *Aglavaine et Sélysette** has come from his dreams almost a didactic dramatist.

This is a new rôle for our caricaturists' favourite butt. Will he be safe now? Probably, for he has changed his odd technique. Renouncing his Ollendorff method of question and answer, he has turned to harping on single words, to a musical alternation of names, and to the lull of balanced sentences. His greatest foible is gone, but so is much of his force. His picturesqueness, too, his power to suggest

* See review by Mr. W. B. Yeats on page 151.

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charmingly to the eye's imagination comes seldom to him now. Yet he has gained in this ; his temper is less afraid, more loving ; and he recognises the power of naturalness in life.

Indeed, the dramatic motive of *Aglavaine et Sélysette* is the destruction of an unnatural though aspiring ideal by spontaneous sweetness. In less abstract terms what Maeterlinck shows us is the attempt of a somewhat nebulous Méléandre to carry on a beautifully exalted *ménage à trois*. There is to be no selfishness, no sorrow. He loves Aglavaine, the beautiful propounder of theories ; but he also loves his exquisitely child-like wife Sélysette. Aglavaine in turn loves Sélysette and also, of course, Méléandre. And Sélysette, by her help, passing through jealousy, attains a pathetically joyful sympathy that seems to make the triple household lovingly possible. But love cannot safely be coerced ; it is wild.

"We watch it in our depths like a vulture or a strange eagle in a cage. The cage belongs to us, but the bird belongs to no one. We watch it, we warm it, we feed it, but we do not know what it is going to do, whether it will fly, or wound itself against its bars, or sing."

In Sélysette it can now only wound itself. She pines in the bliss of her self-sacrifice, which, shy as it is, proves to her rival that the three "cannot live happily, for the time has not yet come when human beings can so unite together." Therefore Aglavaine would willingly leave them. Sélysette, however, has a better plan for the general happiness—a plan that she cannot yet explain, she says. And she wanders off to an old tower by the sea, there to catch a rare "green-winged bird." But when from the top she sees the shining ocean and the sunny castle-garden she falters, goes to kiss her old grandmother once more, then, at cold twilight, after the glory of the day, quickly, before the stars can pierce the sky and hold her in the world, she leans over the crumbling wall and, clutching for the "green-winged bird," falls to the beach. Thus by death the unreasoning impulse and devotion of Sélysette conquer. For even Méléandre, the theorist of reasoned ideals of beautiful living, is now filled with disgust for the beauty that brings sorrow and for reason that aspires falsely.

Is this Maeterlinck's feeling? Perhaps, on the contrary, he deems the impossibility of unnatural but "beautiful" ideals the most tragic fact in his play. Most readers, however, will probably agree with Aglavaine where this personification of what Maeterlinck might call superhuman beauty affirms :

"When I watch Sélysette I ask myself each moment whether all that she does as she gropes in her childlike heart is not greater and a thousand, thousand times purer than all that I could have done. She is unspeakably beautiful. She needs only to stoop to find unheard-of treasures in her heart, and she comes and tremblingly offers them like a blind child that does not know that both its hands are full of jewels and pearls."

Now whether in his play Maeterlinck preaches such ignorant impulse or not, that spirit brings him rest from the problem which has troubled his mind. So, too much French thought, after tortured reasoning, has turned to the opposite, the intuitive extreme. A vague desire for simple faith hovers in the air. And though faith alone cannot give the balanced strength and higher wisdom which the decadent race must gain if it is to be saved, the tender beauty and high pathos of devoted simplicity have endeared it to many men of sensitive perceptions.

Marcel Schwob, especially, has warmly recognised that simplicity induces delicate moods—moods for the artist to caress and to render. He has felt them sympathetically, and with the seemingly guileless skill of a cunning artisan has expressed them in his *Croisade des Enfants*. This fragile little book is not what one might hastily dub it, the pretty babble of a sentimental youngling. Schwob has conned Plato and Aristotle, dusty mediæval parchments, French literature, German metaphysics, the Elizabethan dramatists, Defoe, Stevenson, George Meredith ; he has commented on them in essays now thorough, now slight, always keen for the artist's methods ; and he has applied his acquirements in half a dozen volumes of tales, largely horrible, ironical, or sad, but vividly visualised and compact, and sometimes told with rhythmic sonorousness skilfully adapted to the mood expressed. Thoroughly equipped, then, and, despite his sophistication, in artistic sympathy with childlike faith he has studied perhaps its most touching manifestation, the Children's Crusade in the thirteenth century ; and putting him-

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self imaginatively in that time he has given tongue to the experience of a leper, of a child, of a pope, or again of a merchant. Thus he has at once depicted the successive events of the Crusade and brought out various ways of regarding the faith which underlay it. By judiciously varying his manner he has suggested the mood and the personality of each speaker; yet he has kept a certain unity of style corresponding to the single underlying motive. In brief, he has written a symphonic movement in the form of variations on the theme of ignorant faith.

To realise this technical feat or the curious charm of the book one must read the whole series of monologues. For a mere hint of the author's novel power, however, it is enough, after learning that the inspired horde of children had overrun the province of the Loire, to turn to this bit of horror and pathos. The leper speaks:

"If you would understand what I am going to tell you, know that my head is covered with a white cowl, and that I shake a clapper of hard wood. I no longer know how my face looks, but I am afraid of my hands. They run before me like livid and scaly beasts. I would gladly cut them off. Whatever they touch fills me with shame. They seem to make the red fruits that I pick decay, and the poor roots that I tear up seem to wither beneath them. *Domine ceterorum libera me!* The Saviour has not atoned for my pallid sin. I am forgotten until the resurrection. Like the toad sealed by cold moonlight in a dark stone I shall remain enclosed in my hideous gangue when others rise again with their bodies bright. *Domine ceterorum, fac me liberum: leprosus sum.* I am alone and full of horror. Only my teeth have kept their natural whiteness. Beasts are afraid, and my soul longs to flee. The light turns from me.

"Twelve hundred and twelve years ago their Saviour saved them, and He did not have pity on me. I was not touched by the bloody lance that pierced His side. Perhaps the blood of the Saviour of others would have cured me. I often dream of blood: I might bite with my teeth; they are clean. Since He did not deign to give it to me, I am greedy for blood that belongs to Him. That is why I lay in wait for the children who came down from the land of Vendôme toward this part of the Loire. They had crosses, and they were subject to Him. Their bodies were His body, and He did not grant His body to me. I am encompassed on earth with pale damnation. I spied about to suck innocent blood from the neck of one of His children. *Et caro nova fiet in die iræ.* On the day of judgment my flesh shall be made new. And behind the others walked a fair, red-haired child. I marked him; I bounded suddenly; I seized his mouth with my dreadful hands. He wore only a rough shirt; his feet were bare and his eyes remained placid. And he looked at me without surprise. So, knowing that he would not cry out, I longed to hear a human voice once more, and I took my hands from his mouth, and he did not wipe his mouth. And his eyes seemed far off.

"'Who are you?' I said to him.

"'Johannes the Teuton,' he answered. And his words were limpid and healing.

"'Where are you going?' I said further.

"And he answered: 'To Jerusalem, to conquer the Holy Land.'

"Then I began to laugh, and I asked him: 'Where is Jerusalem?'

"And he answered: 'I do not know.'

"And I said further: 'How will you be able to get there?'

"And he said to me: 'I do not know.'

"And I said further: 'What is Jerusalem?'

"And he answered: 'It is Our Lord.'

"Then I began to laugh again, and I asked: 'What is your Lord?'

"And he said to me: 'I do not know; He is white.'

"And that saying threw me into fury, and I bared my teeth under my cowl and leaned toward his pure neck, and he did not draw back at all, and I said to him: 'Why are you not afraid of me?'

"And he said: 'Why should I be afraid of you, white wayfarer?'

"Then I was shaken with great sobs, and I stretched myself on the ground, and I kissed the earth with my horrible lips, and I cried out: 'Because I am a leper!'

"And the Teuton child considered me, and said limpidly: 'I do not know. . . .'

"He was not afraid of me! My monstrous whiteness seems to him like the whiteness of his Lord. And I took a handful of grass and I wiped his mouth and his hands. And I said to him: 'Go in peace to your white Lord, and say to Him that He has forgotten me.'

"And the child looked at me without speaking. And I went with him out of the blackness of the forest. He walked without trembling. I saw his red hair vanish at a distance in the sun. *Domine infantium, libera me.* May the sound of my wooden clapper come to you like the pure sound of bells. Master of those who do not know, deliver me!"

With this helpless appeal from the mysterious injustice of his suffering the leper leaves us. The child whose trust has subdued him is lost among the seven thousand little crusaders as they wander toward slavery and death. Pathetic tragedy is proved to be the only possible result of their impossible ideals. Yet when we lay down the book in which Schwob has shown us this, his pope's words, "Let us return to ignorance and simplicity," persist in our ears and fix in our mind the pseudo-Franciscan, child-like feeling of the whole.

Thus Schwob, like Maeterlinck and many another, has found in the most primitive qualities rest from problems and from intellectual wanderings. The

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spirit that they turn to will please and perhaps even influence. But it cannot prevail, for it is not fully natural and not quite sane. Indeed, these young writers are not robust enough to move France; they live their imaginative lives not in the healthful heat of the sun, but by moonlight. Yet even if they were lunatics—which is not the same thing—their skill, their delicacy, and their individual charm would give them a noteworthy place in contemporary art.

Henry Copley Greene.

PARIS LETTER.

The most important piece of information for bookmen here this month is that the Goncourt Academy will live. The fears I expressed to you in my last letter in regard to Edmond de Goncourt's will have proved groundless. The court, by the mouth of its presiding judge, M. Bacedouin, has declared that the will shall stand, and the facts that were revealed during the trial can leave no doubt that the decision is a good one, at least from a French jurist's standpoint. You remember the principal argument of the opponents of the will. The deed was dated 1884, yet contained references to facts that did not take place until several years later. The general opinion was that this was due to Goncourt's own carelessness. It was shown that the truth was exactly the reverse. In 1892 Goncourt, wishing to introduce changes in the will, sent it, with a note specifying the changes to be made, to his family's notary. You know that a French notary is an important man, usually entrusted with the care of estates, the making of wills, etc., and that the same firm, or *étude*, will often transact a family's business for generation after generation. French notaries are notoriously accurate and even punctilious. Goncourt therefore thought that the safest thing for him to do, after receiving the corrected will, was to copy it with his own hand, exactly as it was; and as it happened that the notary had omitted to change the original date, the new will was dated 1884, just as the old one was. The court therefore determined to overlook what was nothing more than a *lapsus calami*, and to allow Goncourt's executors, Daudet and Hennique, to carry out their friend's clearly expressed intentions.

The executors do not seem to fear the results of any appeal, and will soon be at work perfecting the plans for the establishment of the "Academy." The funds at hand are almost sufficient. They already amount to one million and a half of francs. Daudet wishes the Academicians very soon to fill the two vacancies now existing in the membership, and then to select the young *littérateur* who is to be the first recipient of the Goncourt prize of five thousand francs. Several candidacies are already mentioned for the two vacancies, chief among them being those of Léon Alphonse Daudet, Paul Alexis, George Rodenbach, and Lucien Descaves. The last three are men of decided talent; as for Léon Daudet, he is . . . *le fils de son père.*

There is one thing, however, which Daudet wants the Goncourt academicians to do, even before they organize: it is to commence their series of monthly dinners. So a Parisian wit quickly improvised the following, which has received great applause:

"A date fixe ils se réuniront,
Fourchette en main, les dix chers maîtres,
Et les Goncourt mériteront
D'être appelés 'Restaurateurs des Lettres.'"

The impending foundation of the new Academy does not seem greatly to impair the prestige of the old one. Although no election is to take place for quite a while, already three writers of note have announced their candidacies for the chair vacated by Henri Meilhac. They are Henri Becque, a dramatist; Ferdinand Fabre, a novelist; and Émile Faguet, a critic. Ferdinand Fabre came so near succeeding in his last candidacy that he is generally expected to be elected this time. This will be gall for Henri Becque, for in his characteristically imperious manner the author of *Les Corbeaux* and *La Parisienne* announces that this will be his first and last candidacy. Either now or never!

One writer of importance has disappered during the month; but he was

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hardly known by the present generation. Few men, however, were ever more popular with the *élite* of the Paris *jeunesse* than Étienne Vacherot was in the neighbourhood of 1861. He was then the victim of a double persecution. He had been a few years before deprived of his position as professor of philosophy in the École Normale, through the influence of Abbé Gratry, because of his anti-Catholic views, and he had just been prosecuted before the courts and sentenced to a fine because of the republican ideas expressed in his beautiful work *La Démocratie*. No less popular than Vacherot was the brilliant lawyer who had assisted him before the courts, Émile Ollivier. Curiously enough, both men afterward left the republican camp —Émile Ollivier to become a minister of Napoleon III., Vacherot considerably later and for much more disinterested motives. His greatest work is his three-volume philosophical disquisition, *La Métaphysique et la Science*, which is not only one of the most strongly thought out, but one of the most beautifully written French philosophical works of this century. He was of course a member of the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences in the Institute of France. He was one of the oldest members of the Institute, having just passed his eighty-eighth birthday when he died.

I have mentioned Émile Ollivier. He has been a good deal before the public of late, as a reference to some of my later letters may show. He is now about to publish in *Cosmopolis* a series of letters which were years ago addressed to him by Richard Wagner. They are said to be very interesting, and will undoubtedly be received with a good deal of eagerness, not as much, though, I suppose, as the two volumes of unpublished letters of Napoleon I. which have just appeared.

A good deal of fun is often indulged in in regard to President Faure. His love for military display causes a good many good naturedly to accuse him of wishing to play *son petit Napoléon*. It turns out now that, like Napoleon, he is also a little of a bookman. I give you herewith the full title of a volume which has just been discovered, and which was published in 1869, when its author certainly did not dream that he could be one day President of the French Republic: "Le Havre, son Commerce, son Industrie, sa Navigation. Renseignements réunis et annotés par Félix Faure, Consul au Havre de sa Majesté le Roi des Hellènes."

Although this was the only time that M. Faure submitted any production of his to the public, we doubt whether he once alluded to it during the trip he has just taken in the south of France with a crowd of men of letters, prior to his departure for Russia. The object of the trip was to glorify a number of men of letters, and it was managed by the "Félibres" with all the skill in organising public rejoicings which is so characteristic of the French southerners. There were no less than four statues to be unveiled; two in Valence—those of Émile Augier, the illustrious author of *Le Gendre de M. Poirier*, and of Baucel, a political orator who died in 1870, and who was a good deal of a literary scholar; one in the little Alpine town of Sisteron—that of Paul Arène, the author of the charming story *Domnine* and of a number of pretty poems, which are just about to be collected in book form; and finally, in Pézenas, a new statue of Molière, who had acted there several times during the period of his provincial wanderings. The trip included a stop at Orange, where performances were given in the superbly restored Roman theatre. Sophocles' *Antigone* and Leconte de Lisle's *Erinnyes* were played; and I am compelled to say that the French poet's production entirely failed to win in those imposing surroundings the success it had had in its Paris performances. Both plays, of course, were acted by the members of the Comédie Française.

The same company are soon to perform for the first time Murger's *La Vie de Bohème*, a play of genuine literary merit, which has time and again won a good deal of success on other stages.

I cannot say that all the incidents in Murger's play deserve to be called strictly moral. But they would seem to be almost so by the side of so many productions which for a few years past have disgraced some of the Parisian show-houses and show-windows. In regard to the show-houses to which this applies, and which are nearly all situated on the celebrated Butte Montmartre, just under the shadow of the church of the Sacré Cœur, the Paris police has begun, though timidly as yet, a house-cleaning

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campaign, which has the support of every lover of art and decency. In fact, the police have done little more than, if even as much as, Francisque Sarcey has declared necessary for quite a while. Obscenity without wit was the rule of some of these houses, and they have been warned that unless they reform considerably they will be closed and their keepers prosecuted for offences against public morals. The warning has had some effect. At the same time an effort is made to make the law against such offences a good deal more effective and stringent than it was in the past. You certainly have heard of Senator Bérenger, whom the Parisians have good-naturedly dubbed *le Père la Pudeur*. In consequence of his efforts in this direction the Government, on May 18th of this year, introduced a bill intended to make more effective the law voted in 1882 for the protection of public morals. The bill was quickly referred to a committee, of which Senator Bérenger was made chairman; and he soon reported it favourably to the Senate, with amendments which made it still more stringent. The bill was, after full discussion, adopted by the Senate on June 18th; it now awaits favourable action by the Deputies. It will very likely be made a law early in the extra session, which is to open in October. Its text is as follows:

"ARTICLE I.

"Article I. of the law of August 2d, 1882, is modified as follows:

"There shall be punished by imprisonment of not less than one month and not more than two years, and a fine of not less than one hundred nor more than five thousand francs whosoever shall have committed an offence or outrage against public morals, either by selling or offering for sale, writings or printed matter other than a book, prospectuses, drawings, engravings, pictures, emblems, images, or articles, that are obscene or such as incite to vice;

"Or by the distribution of the same, even free, by the mailing thereof or the handing of them to any agency for distribution or transportation;

"Or by exposing or posting them on a public thoroughfare or in any public place;

"Or by uttering or delivering in public discourses and speeches, songs or cries of the same nature;

"Or by advertisements or published correspondence of a licentious character or such as incite to vice.

"The writings, drawings, posters, etc., upon which the prosecution is based, and any article that has been used in committing the offence shall be seized or torn from the walls. The destruction thereof will be ordered by the judgment of the Court.

"The Court shall have the right to double the penalty if the offence shall have been committed against minors.

"ARTICLE II.

"The statute of limitation for offences against public morals committed through the book shall take effect one year from the date of publication or introduction upon French territory.

"The sale, or offering for sale, or advertising of condemned books will be punished by the penalties described in Article I. of this law."

It is thought that every loophole through which the offenders have hitherto managed to creep will now be closed. But if it should not be so, Parliament is ready to resort to even more stringent measures. You will observe the regulation relating to the introduction into France of obscene books. It is a new one, and was made necessary by the enormous number of such books smuggled into this country from Belgium and Germany.

Alfred Manière.

EXPERIENCE.

Nay, when upon thy lashes lie the tears,
Seek not to weigh the lesson dearly learned:
Truth's face in weakness may not be discerned
But in the strength of wisdom brought by years.

Robert Adger Bowen.

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IN KEDAR'S TENTS.*

By Henry Seton Merriman, Author of "The Sowers."

CHAPTER XXII.

REPARATION.

"Il s'en faut bien que l'innocence trouvé autant de protection que le crime."

For those minded to leave Spain at this time there was but one route—namely, the south, for the northern exits were closed by the Carlists, still in power there, though waning fast. Indeed, Don Carlos was now illustrating the fact, which any may learn by the study of the world's history, that it is not the great causes, but the great men who have made and destroyed nations. Nearly half of Spain was for Don Carlos. The Church sided with him, and the best soldiers were those who, unpaid, unfed, and half clad, fought on the southern slopes of the Pyrenees for a man who dared not lead them.

Sir John Pleydell had intended crossing the frontier into Portugal, following the carriage conveying his prisoner to the seaport of Lisbon, where he anticipated no difficulty in finding a ship captain who would be willing to convey Conyngham to England. All this, however, had been frustrated by so unimportant a person as Concepcion Vara, and the carriage ordered for nine o'clock to proceed to Talavera now stood in the courtyard of the hotel, while the baronet in his lonely apartment sat and wondered what he should do next. He had dealt with justice all his life, and had ensured it not from love, but as a matter of conscience and a means of livelihood. From the mere habit, he now desired to do justice to Conyngham.

"See if you can find out for me the whereabouts of General Vincente at the moment, and let the carriage wait," he said to his servant, a valet-courier of taciturn habit.

The man was about half an hour, and returned with a face that promised little.

"There is a man in the hotel, sir," he said, "the servant of Mr. Conyngham, who knows, but will not tell me. I am told, however, that a lady living in Toledo, a Contessa Barenna, will undoubtedly have the information. General Vincente was lately in Madrid, but his movements are so rapid and uncertain that he has become a by-word in Spain."

"So I understand. I will call on this contessa this afternoon, unless you can get the information elsewhere during the morning. I shall not want the carriage."

Sir John walked slowly to the window, deep in thought. He was interested in Conyngham despite himself. It is possible that he had not hitherto met a man capable of so far forgetting his own interests as to undertake a foolish and dangerous escapade, without anything in the nature of gain or advantage to recommend it. The windows of the hotel of the Red Hat, in Toledo, look out upon the market-place, and Sir John, who was an indoor man, and mentally active enough to be intensely bored at times, frequently used this opportunity of studying Spanish life.

He was looking idly through the vile panes when an old priest passed by and glanced up beneath shaggy brows.

"Seen that man before," said Sir John.

"Ah!" muttered Father Concha, as he hurried on toward the Palazzo Barenna. "So far, so good. Where the fox is will be found the stolen fowl."

Concepcion Vara, who was saddling his horse in the stable-yard of the inn, saw the padre pass.

"Ah, clever one!" he muttered; "with your jokes about my wife. Now you may make a false journey for all the help you receive from me."

And a few minutes later Concepcion rode across the ridge of Alcantara, some paces behind Conyngham, who deemed it wise to return to his duties at Madrid without delay.

Despite the great heat on the plains, which, indeed, made it almost dangerous to travel at midday, the streets of

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Toledo were cool and shady enough as Sir John Pleydell traversed them in search of the Palazzo Barenna. The contessa was in, and the Englishman was ushered into a vast room, which even the taste of the day could not entirely deprive of its mediæval grandeur. Sir John explained, in halting Spanish, that his name was unknown to the Contessa Barenna, but that, a stranger in some slight difficulty, he had been recommended to seek her assistance.

Sir John was an imposing-looking man, with that grand air which enables some men not only to look, but to get over a wall while an insignificant wight may not so much as approach the gate. The señora's curiosity did the rest. In a few minutes the rustle of silk made Sir John turn from the contemplation of a suit of armour.

"Madame speaks French?"

"But yes, señor."

Madame Barenna glanced toward a chair, which Sir John hastened to bring forward. He despised her already, and she admired his manner vastly.

"I have taken the immense liberty of intruding myself upon your notice, madame—"

"Not to sell me a Bible?" exclaimed Señora Barenna, with her fan upheld in warning.

"A Bible! I believe I have one at home, in England, madame, but—"

"It is well," said madame, sinking back and fanning herself rather faintly. "Excuse my fears, but there is an Englishman—what is his name, I forget—"

"Borrow."

"Yes, that is it—Borrow. And he sells Bibles, and Father Concha, my confessor—a bear, but a holy man, a holy bear, as one might say—has forbidden me to buy one. I am so afraid of disobeying him, by heedlessness or fear or forgetfulness. There are, it appears, some things in the Bible which one ought not to read, and one naturally—"

She finished the sentence with a shrug and an expressive gesture of the fan.

"One naturally desires to read them," suggested Sir John; "the privilege of all Eve's daughters, madame."

Señora Barenna treated the flatterer to what the French call a *fine sourire*, and wondered how long Julia would stay away. This man would pay her another compliment in a moment.

"I merely called on the excuse of a common friendship, to ask if you can tell me the whereabouts of General Vincente," said Sir John, stating his business in haste and when the opportunity presented itself.

"Is it politics?" asked the lady, with a hasty glance round the room.

"No; it is scarcely politics; but why do you ask? You are surely too wise, madame, to take part in such. It is a woman's mission to please, and when it is so easy!"

He waved his thin white hand in completion of a suggestion which made his hearer bridle her stout person.

"No, no," she whispered, glancing over her shoulder at the door—"no; it is my daughter. Ah, señor, you can scarce imagine what it is to live upon a volcano!"

And she pointed to the oak floor with her fan. Sir John deemed it wise to confine his display of sympathy to a glance of the deepest concern.

"No," he said; "it is merely a personal matter. I have a communication to make to my friend, General Vincente, or to his daughter."

"To Estella?"

"To the Señorita Estella."

"Do you think her beautiful? Some do, you know. Eyes, I admit—yes, lovely."

"I admire the señorita exceedingly.

"Ah, yes—yes! You have not seen my daughter, have you, señor? Julia. She rather resembles Estella."

The contessa paused and examined her fan with a careless air.

"Some say," she went on, apparently with reluctance, "that Julia is—well—has some advantages of Estella. But *I* do not, of course. I admire Estella excessively—oh, yes—yes."

And the señora's dark eyes searched Sir John's face. They might have found more in sculptured marble.

"Do you know where she is?" asked Sir John, almost bluntly. Like a workman who has mistaken his material, he was laying aside his finer conversational tools.

"Well, I believe they arrive in Toledo this evening. I cannot think why. But with General Vincente one never knows. He is so pleasant, so playful, such a smile; but you know him. Well, they say in Spain, that he is always where he is wanted. Ah—" madame paused and cast her eyes up to the ceiling—"what it is to be wanted somewhere, señor!"

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And she gave him the benefit of one of her deepest sighs. Sir John mentally followed the direction of her glance, and wondered what the late count thought about it.

"Yes, I am deeply interested in Estella, as, indeed, is natural, for she is my niece. She has no mother, and the general has such absurd ideas. He thinks that a girl is capable of choosing a husband for herself; but to you, an Englishman, such an idea is naturally not astonishing. I am told that in your country it is the girls who actually propose marriage."

"Not in words, madame; not more in England than elsewhere."

"Ah!" said madame, looking at him doubtfully, and thinking despite herself of Father Concha.

Sir John rose from the chair he had taken at the señora's silent invitation.

"Then I may expect the general to arrive at my hotel this evening?" he said. "I am staying at the Red Hat, the only hotel, as I understand, in Toledo."

"Yes; he will doubtless descend there. Do you know Frederick Conyngham, señor?"

"Yes."

"But every one knows him!" exclaimed the lady vivaciously. "Tell me how it is. A most pleasant young man, I allow you, but without introductions, and quite unconnected. Yet he has friends everywhere—"

The contessa paused, and closing her fan leant forward in an attitude of intense confidence and secrecy.

"And how about his little affair?" she whispered.

"His little affair, madame?"

"*De cœur*," explained the lady, tapping her own breast with an eloquent fan.

"Estella," she whispered, after a pause.

"Ah!" said Sir John, as if he knew too much about it to give an opinion. And he took his leave.

"That is the sort of woman to break one's heart in the witness-box," he said, as he passed out into the deserted street; and Señora Barenna, in the great room with the armour, reflected complacently that the English lord had been visibly impressed.

General Vincente and Estella arrived at the hotel of the Red Hat in the evening, but did not, of course, appear in the public rooms. His dusty old travelling carriage was placed in a quiet corner of the courtyard of the hotel, and the general appeared on this, as on all occasions, to court retirement and oblivion. Unlike many of his brothers in arms, he had no desire to catch the public eye.

"There is doubtless something astir," said the waiter who, in the intervals of a casual attendance on Sir John, spoke of these things, cigarette in mouth—"there is doubtless something astir, since General Vincente is on the road. They call him the Stormy Petrel, for when he appears abroad there usually follows a disturbance."

Sir John sent his servant to the general's apartment about eight o'clock in the evening, asking permission to present himself. In reply the general himself came to Sir John's room.

"My dear sir," he cried, taking both the Englishman's hands in an affectionate grasp, "to think that you were in the hotel, and that we did not dine together. Come—yes, come to our poor apartment, where Estella awaits the pleasure of renewing your acquaintance."

"Then the señorita," said Sir John, following his companion along the dimly lighted passage, "has her father's pleasant faculty of forgetting any little *contretemps* of the past?"

"Ask her," exclaimed the general, in his cheery way—"ask her."

And he threw open the door of the dingy salon they occupied.

Estella was standing with her back to the window, and her attitude suggested that she had not sat down since she had heard of Sir John's presence in the hotel.

"Señorita," said the Englishman, with that perfect knowledge of the world which usually has its firmest basis upon contempt and indifference to criticism—"señorita, I have come to avow a mistake, and to make my excuses."

"It is surely unnecessary," said Estella rather coldly.

"Say rather," broke in the general, in his smoothest way, "that you have come to take a cup of coffee with us, and to tell us your news."

Sir John took the chair which the general brought forward.

"At all events," he said, addressing Estella, "it is probably a matter of indifference to you, as it is merely an

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opinion expressed by myself which I wish to retract. When I first had the pleasure of meeting you, I took it upon myself to speak of a guest in your father's house, fortunately in the presence of that guest himself, and I now wish to tell you that what I said does not apply to Frederick Conyngham himself, but to another whom Conyngham is screening. He has not confessed so much to me, but I have satisfied myself that he is not the man I seek. You, general, who know more of the world than the señorita, and have been in it almost as long as I have, can bear me out in the statement that the motives of men are not so easy to discern as younger folks imagine. I do not know what induced Conyngham to undertake this thing, probably he entered into it in a spirit of impetuous and reckless generosity, which would only be in keeping with his character. I only know that he has carried it out with a thoroughness and daring worthy of all praise. If such a tie were possible between an old man and a young, I should like to be able to claim Mr. Conyngham as a friend. There, señorita, thank you; I will take coffee. I made the accusation in your presence, I retract it before you. It is, as you see, a small matter."

"But it is of small matters that life is made up," put in the general, in his deferential way. "Our friend," he went on after a pause, "is unfortunate in misrepresenting himself. We also have a little grudge against him, a little matter of a letter which has not been explained. I admit that I should like to see that letter."

"And where is it?" asked Sir John.

"Ah!" replied Vincente, with a shrug of the shoulders and a gay little laugh, "who can tell? Perhaps in Toledo, my dear sir—perhaps in Toledo."

CHAPTER XXIII.

LARRALDE'S PRICE.

"It is as difficult to be entirely bad as it is to be entirely good."

To those who say that there is no faith, Spain is in itself a palpable answer. No country in the world can show such cathedrals as those of Granada, Cordova, Seville, Toledo, Burgos. In any other land any one of these great structures would suffice. But in Spain these huge monuments to that faith which has held serenely through war and fashion, through thought and thoughtlessness, are to be found in all the great cities. And the queen of them all is Toledo. If the Christian faith be, as some state, a mistake, then those who built Toledo Cathedral were mistaken to good purposes, and for us, who follow and cannot do likewise in architecture, it may be wise to make, at all events, the same mistake in faith.

Father Concha, that sour-visaged philosopher, had a queer pride in his profession and in the history of that Church which is to-day seen in its purest form in the Peninsular, while it is so entangled with the national story of Spain that the two are but one tale told from a different point of view. As a private soldier may take pleasure in standing on a great battle-field, noting each spot of interest—here a valley of death, there the scene of cavalry charge, of which the thunder will echo down through all the ages—so Concha, a mere country priest, liked to pace the aisles of a great cathedral, indulging the while in a half-cynical pride. He was no great general, no leader, of no smallest importance in the ranks; but he was of the army, and partook in a minute degree of those victories that belonged to the past. It was his habit thus to pay a visit to Toledo Cathedral whensoever his journeys led him to Castile. It was, moreover, his simple custom to attend the early mass, which is here historical; and, indeed, to walk through the church, gray and cool, with the hush that seems to belong only to buildings of a stupendous age, is in itself a religious service.

Concha was passing across the nave, hat in hand, a gaunt, ill-clad, and somewhat pathetic figure, when he caught sight of Sir John Pleydell. The tall Englishman paused involuntarily and looked at the lean Spaniard. Concha bowed.

"We met," he said, "for a moment in the garden of General Vincente's house at Ronda."

"True," answered Sir John; "are you leaving the cathedral? We might walk a little way together. One cannot talk idly . . . here."

He paused and looked up at the great oak screen, at the towering masonry.

"No," answered Concha gravely; "one cannot talk idly here."

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Concha held back the great leathern *portière*, and the Englishman passed out.

"This is a queer country, and you are a queer people," he said presently. "When I was at Ronda I met a certain number of persons—I can count them on my fingers—General Vincente, his daughter, Señora Barenna, Señorita Barenna, the Englishman, Conyngham, yourself, Señor Concha. I arrived in Toledo yesterday morning. In twenty-four hours I have caught sight of all the persons mentioned here in Toledo."

"And here in Toledo is another of whom you have not caught sight," said Concha.

"Ah!"

"Yes; Señor Larralde."

"Is he here?"

"Yes," said Concha.

They walked on in silence for some minutes.

"What are we all doing here, padre?" inquired Sir John, with his cold laugh.

"What are you doing here, señor?"

Sir John did not answer at once. They were walking leisurely. The streets were deserted, as, indeed, the streets of Toledo usually are.

"I am putting two and two together," the great lawyer answered at length. "I began doing to in idleness, and now I have become interested."

"Ah!"

"Yes, I have become interested. They say, padre, that a pebble set in motion at the summit of a mountain may gather other pebbles and increase in bulk and spread, until in the form of an avalanche it overwhelms a city in the valley."

"Yes, señor."

"And I have conceived the strange fancy that Frederick Conyngham, when he first came to this country, set such a pebble in motion at the summit of a very high mountain. It has been falling and falling silently ever since, and it is gaining in bulk. And you and General Vincente, and Estella Vincente, and Señorita Barenna, and Frederick Conyngham, and, in a minor degree, myself are on the slope, in the track of the avalanche, and are sliding down behind it. And the general and Estella, and yourself and Conyngham are trying to overtake it and stop it; and, reverendo, in the valley below is the monarchy of Spain and the Bourbon cause."

Father Concha, remembering his favourite maxim, that no flies enter a shut mouth, was silent.

"The pebble was a letter," said Sir John.

"And Larralde has it," he added after a pause; "and that is why you are all in Toledo, why the air is thick with apprehension, and why all Spain seems to pause and wait breathlessly."

"Will the avalanche be stopped, or will it not? Will the Bourbons, than whom history has known no more interesting and more satisfactory race, except our own Stuarts—will the Bourbons fall, Señor Padre?"

"Ah!" said Concha, whose furrowed face and pessimistic glance betrayed nothing—"ah!"

"You will not tell me, of course. You know much that you will not tell me, and I merely ask from curiosity. You, perhaps, know one thing, and that I wish to learn from you not out of curiosity, but because I, too, would fain overtake the avalanche and stop it. I am no politician, señor, though, of course, I have my views. When a man has reached my age he knows assuredly that politics merely mean self-aggrandisement and nothing else. No, the Bourbons may fall, Spain may follow the lead of France, and make an exhibition of herself before the world as a republic. I am indifferent to these events. But I wish to do Frederick Conyngham a good turn, and I ask you to tell me where I shall find Larralde, you who know everything, Señor Padre."

Concha reflected while they walked along on the shady side of the narrow street. It happened to be the street where the saddlers live, and the sharp sound of their little hammers on the leather and wood came from almost every darkened doorway. The padre had a wholesome fear of Esteban Larralde and an exaggerated estimation of that schemer's ability. He was a humble-minded old man, and ever hesitated to put his own brain against that of another. He knew that Sir John was a cleverer man than Larralde, deeper versed in that side of human nature where the seams are and the knots and the unsightly stitches, older, more experienced, and probably no more scrupulous.

"Yes," said the priest, "I can tell you that. Larralde lodges in the house of a malcontent, one Lamberto, a scrib-

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bling journalist, who is hurt because the world takes him at its own valuation and not his. The house is next to the little synagogue in the Calle de Madrid, a small stationer's shop, where one may buy the curse of this generation, pens and paper."

"Thank you," said Sir John, civilly and simply. This man has, no doubt, been ill painted, but some may have seen that with different companions he wore a different manner. He was, as all successful men are, an unconscious actor, and in entering into the personality of the companion of the moment he completely sank his own. He never sought to be all things to all men, and yet he came near to the accomplishment of that hard task. Sir John was not a sympathetic man, he merely mistook life for a court of justice, and arraigned all human nature in the witness-box, with the inward conviction that this should by rights be exchanged for the felon's dock.

With Concha he was as simple, as direct, and as unsophisticated as the old priest himself, and now took his leave without attempting to disguise the fact that he had accomplished a fore-set purpose.

Without difficulty he found the small stationer's shop next the synagogue in the Calle de Madrid, and bade the stationer, a spectacled individual with upright hair and the air of seeking something in the world which is not usually behind a counter, take his card to Señor Larralde. At first the stationer pretended ignorance of the name, but on discovering that Sir John had not sufficient Spanish to conduct a conversation of intrigue, disappeared into a back room, whence emanated a villainous smell of cooking.

While Sir John waited in the little shop Father Concha walked to the Plazuela de l'Iglesia Vieja, which small square, overhanging the Tagus and within reach of its murmuring voice, is deserted, except at midday, when the boys play at bull-fighting and a few workmen engage in a grave game of bowls. Concha sat, book in hand, opened honestly at the office of the day and hour, and read no word. Instead, he stared across the gorge at the brown bank of land which commands the city, and renders it useless as a fortress in the days of modern artillery. He sat and stared grimly, and thought perhaps of those secret springs within the human heart that make one man successful and unhappy, while another who, possessing brains and ability and energy, yet fails in life, and is perhaps none the less the happier of the two, for it had happened to Father Concha, as it may happen to writer and reader at any moment, to meet one who in individuality bears a resemblance to that self which we never know and yet are ever conscious of.

Sir John Pleydell, a few hundred yards away, obeyed the shopman's invitation to step upstairs with something approaching alacrity, so easily is the interest of a lonely man aroused.

Larralde was seated at a table strewn with newspapers and soiled by cigarette ash. He had the unkempt and pallid look of one who has not seen the sun or breathed air for days, for, as Concepcion had said, this was a conspirator who preferred to lurk in friendly shelter while others played the bolder game at the front. Larralde had, in fact, not stirred abroad for nearly a week.

"Well, señor," he said, with a false air of bravado, "how fares it with your little undertaking?"

"That," replied Sir John, "is past and paid for, and I have another matter for your consideration."

Sir John's manner had changed. He spoke as one having authority, and Larralde shrugged his shoulders, remembering a past payment.

"Ah!" he said, rolling a cigarette with a fine air of indifference.

"On the one hand," continued Sir John judicially, "I come to make you an offer which can only be beneficial to you; on the other hand, Señor Larralde, I know enough to make things particularly unpleasant for you."

Larralde raised his eyebrows and sought the match-box. His thoughts seemed to amuse him.

"I have reason to assume that a certain letter is now in your possession again. I do not know the contents of this letter, and I cannot say that I am at all interested in it, but a friend of mine is particularly anxious to have possession of it for a short space of time. I have, unasked, taken upon myself the office of intermediary."

Larralde's eyes flashed through the smoke.

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"You are about to offer me money; be careful, señor," he said hotly; and the lawyer smiled.

"Be careful that it is enough," he suggested. "Keep your grand airs for your fellows, Señor Larralde. Yes, I am about to offer you two hundred pounds—say three thousand pesetas—for the loan of that letter for a few hours only. I will guarantee that it is read by one person only, and that a lady. This lady will probably glance at the first lines, merely to satisfy herself as to the nature of its contents. Three thousand pesetas will enable you to escape to Cuba if your schemes fail. If you succeed, three thousand pesetas will always be of use, even to a member of a republican government."

Larralde had ceased smiling. There is a time in the schemes of men, and it usually comes just before the crisis, when the stoutest heart hesitates and the most reckless conspirator thinks of his retreat. Esteban Larralde had begun to think of Cuba during the last few days, and the mention of that haven for Spanish failures almost unnerved him.

"In a week," suggested Sir John again, "it may be . . . well . . . settled one way or the other."

Larralde glanced at him sharply. This Englishman was either well informed or very cunning. He seemed to have read the thought in Larralde's mind.

"No doubt," went on the Englishman, "you have divined for whom I want the letter, and who will read it. We both owe Conyngham a good turn—I in reparation, you in gratitude, for he undoubtedly saved the Señorita Barenna from imprisonment for life."

Larralde shrugged his shoulders.

"Each man," he said, "must fight for himself."

"And the majority of us for a woman as well," amended Sir John. "At least, in Spain, chivalry is not yet dead."

Larralde laughed. He was vain, and Sir John knew it. He had a keen sight for the breach in his opponent's armour.

"You have put your case well," said the Spaniard patronisingly, "and I do not see why, at the end of a week, I should not agree to your proposal. It is, as you say, for the sake of a woman."

"Precisely."

Larralde leant back in his chair, remembering the legendary gallantry of his race, and wearing an appropriate expression.

"For a woman," he repeated, with an eloquent gesture.

"Precisely."

"Then I will do it, señor—I will do it."

"For two hundred pounds?" inquired Sir John coldly.

"As you will," answered the Spaniard, with a noble indifference to such sordid matters.

CHAPTER XXIV.

PRIESTCRAFT.

"No man, I fear, can effect great benefits for his country without some sacrifice of the minor virtues."

The Señora Barenna was a leading social light in Toledo, insomuch as she never refused an invitation.

"One has one's duties toward society," she would say, with a sigh, "though the saints know that I take no pleasure in these affairs."

Then she put on her best Seville mantilla and bustled off to some function or another, where she talked volubly and without discretion.

Julia had of late withdrawn more and more from that life of continued and mild festivity, of which, it is to be feared, the existence of many women is composed. This afternoon she sat alone in the great, gloomy house in Toledo, waiting for Larralde; for she, like thousands of her sisters, loved an unworthy object—*faute de mieux*—with open eyes and a queer philosophy that bade her love Larralde rather than love none. She had lately spent a great part of her existence in waiting for Larralde, who, indeed, was busy enough at this time, and rarely stirred abroad while the sun was up.

"Julia," said Señora Barenna to Concha, "is no longer a companion to me. She does not even attempt to understand my sensitive organisation. She is a mere statue, and thinks of nothing but politics."

"For her, madame, as for all women, there would be no politics if there were no politicians," the priest replied.

This afternoon Julia was more restless than ever. Larralde had not been

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to see her for many days, and had only written a hurried note from time to time, in answer to her urgent request, telling her that he was well and in no danger.

She now no longer knew whether he was in Toledo or not, but had sufficient knowledge of the schemes in which he was engaged to be aware of the fact that these were coming to a crisis. Esteban Larralde had, indeed, told her more than was either necessary or discreet, and it was his vanity that led him into this imprudence. We are all ready enough to impart information which will show our neighbours that we are more important than we appear.

After a broiling day the sun was now beginning to lose a little of his terrific power, and in the shade of the *patio*, upon which the windows of Julia's room opened, the air was quite cool and pleasant. A fountain plashed continuously in a little basin that had been white six centuries ago, when the Moors had brought the marble across the Gulf of Lyons to build it. The very sound of the water was a relief to overstrained nerves, and seemed to diminish the tension of the shimmering atmosphere.

Julia was alone, and barely made pretence to read the book she held in her hand. From her seat she could see the bell suspended on the opposite wall of the courtyard, of which the deep voice at any time of day or night had the power of stirring her heart in a sudden joy. At last the desired sound broke the silence of the great house, and Julia stood breathless at the window, while the servant leisurely crossed the *patio* and threw open the great door, large enough to admit a carriage and pair. It was not Larralde, but Father Concha, brought hither by a note he had received from Sir John Pleydell earlier in the afternoon.

"I shall have the letter in a week from now," the Englishman had written.

"Which will be too late," commented Concha pessimistically.

The señora was out, they told him, but the señorita had remained at home.

"It is the señorita I desire to see."

And Julia, at the window above, heard the remark with a sinking heart. The air seemed to be weighted with the suggestion of calamity. Concha had the manner of one bringing bad news. She forgot that this was his usual mien.

"Ah, my child!" he said, coming into the room a minute later and sitting down rather wearily.

"What?" she asked, her two hands at her breast.

He glanced at her beneath his brows. The wind was in the northeast, dry and tingling. The sun had worn a coppery hue all day. Such matters affect women and those who are in mental distress. After such a day as had at last worn to evening the mind is at a great tension, the nerves are strained. It is at such times that men fly into sudden anger and whip out the knife. At such times women are reckless, and the stories of human lives take sudden turns.

Concha knew that he had this woman at a disadvantage.

"What?" he echoed; "I wish I knew. I wish at times I was no priest."

"Why?"

"Because I could help you better. Sometimes it is the man and not the priest who is the truest friend."

"Why do you speak like this?" she cried. "Is there danger? What has happened?"

"You know best, my child, if there is danger; you know what is likely to happen."

Julia stood looking at him with hard eyes, the eyes of one in mortal fear.

"You have always been my friend," she said slowly—"my best friend."

"Yes; a woman's lover is never her best friend."

"Has anything happened to Esteban?"

The priest did not answer at once, but paused, reflecting, and dusting his sleeve, where there was always some snuff requiring attention at such moments.

"I know so little," he said. "I am no politician. What can I say? What can I advise you when I am in the dark? And the time is slipping by—slipping by."

"I cannot tell you," she answered, turning away and looking out of the window.

"You cannot tell the priest; tell the man."

Then suddenly she reached the end of her endurance. Standing with her back toward him she told her story, and Concha listened with a still, breath-

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less avidity, as one who, having long sought knowledge, finds it at last when it seemed out of reach. The little fountain plashed in the courtyard below, a frog in the basin among the water-lilies croaked sociably, while the priest and the beautiful woman in the room above made history, for it is not always in kings' palaces nor yet in parliaments that the story of the world is shaped.

Concha spoke no word, and Julia, having begun, left nothing unsaid, but told him every detail in a slow, mechanical voice, as if bidden thereto by a stronger will than her own.

"He is all the world to me," she said simply in conclusion.

"Yes; and the happiest women are those who live in a small world."

A silence fell upon them. The old priest surreptitiously looked at his watch. He was essentially a man of action.

"My child," he said, rising, "when you are an old woman with children to harass you and make your life worth living, you will probably look back with thankfulness to this moment, for you have done that which was your only chance of happiness."

"Why do you always help me?" she asked, as she had asked a hundred times.

"Because happiness is so rare, that I hate to see it wasted," he answered, going toward the door with a grim laugh.

He passed out of the room and crossed the *patio* slowly. Then, when the great door had closed behind him, he gathered up the skirts of his cassock and hurried down the narrow street. In such thoroughfares as were deserted he ran with the speed and endurance of a spare, hard-living man. Woman-like, Julia had, after all, done things by half. She had timed her confession, as it seemed, too late.

At the hotel they told the padre that General Vincente was at dinner and could not be disturbed.

"He sees no one," the servant said.

"You do not know who I am," said Concha, in an irony which under the circumstances he alone could enjoy. Then he passed up the stairs and bade the waiter begone.

"But I carry the general's dessert," protested the man.

"No," said Concha, half to himself; "I have that."

Vincente was, indeed, at the table with Estella. He looked up as the priest entered, fingering a cigarette delicately.

"How soon can you take the road?" asked Concha abruptly.

"Ten minutes, the time for a cup of coffee," was the answer, given with a pleasant laugh.

"Then order your carriage."

Vincente looked at his old friend, and the smile never left his lips, though his eyes were grave enough. It was hard to say whether aught on earth could disturb this man's equanimity. Then the general rose and went to the window, which opened upon the courtyard. In the quiet corner, near the rain-tank, where a vine grows upon trellis-work, the dusty travelling-carriage stood, and upon the step of it, eating a simple meal of bread and dried figs, sat the man who had the reputation of being the fastest driver in Spain.

"In ten minutes, my good Manuel," said the general.

"*Bueno!*" grumbled the driver with his mouth full, a man of few words.

"Is it to go far?" asked the general, turning on his heel and addressing Concha.

"A long journey."

"To take the road, Manuel!" cried Vincente, leaning out. He closed the window before resuming his seat.

"And now, have you any more orders?" he asked, with a gay carelessness. "I counted on sleeping in a bed to-night."

"You will not do that," replied Concha, "when you hear my news."

"Ah!"

"But first you must promise me not to make use of the information I give you against any suspected persons; to take, in fact, only preventive measures."

"You have only to name it, my friend. Proceed."

The old priest paused and passed his hand across his brow. He was breathless still and looked worn.

"It is," he said, "a very grave matter. I have not had much experience in such things, for my path has always lain in small parochial affairs, dealings with children and women."

Estella was already pouring some wine into a glass. With a woman's instinct she saw that the old man was overwrought and faint. It was a Fri-

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day, and in his simple way there was no more austere abstinent than Father Concha, who had probably touched little food throughout the long, hot day.

"Take your time, my friend, take your time," said the general, who never hurried, and was never too late. "A pinch of snuff now, it stimulates the nerves."

"It is," said Concha, at length breaking a biscuit in his long, bony fingers, and speaking unembarrassedly with his mouth full—"it is that I have by the merest accident lighted upon a matter of political importance."

The general nodded, and held his wine up to the light.

"There are matters of much political importance," he said, "in the air just now."

"A plot," continued Concha, "spreading over all Spain. The devil is surely in it, and I know the Carlists are. A plot, believe me, to assassinate and rob and kidnap."

"Yes," said the general, with his tolerant little smile—"yes, my dear padre, some men are so bloodthirsty; is it not so?"

"This plot is directed against the little Queen, against the Queen Regent, against many who are notable Royalists, occupying high posts in the government or the army."

He glanced at Estella, and then looked meaningly at the general, who could scarcely fail to comprehend.

"Let us deal with the Queen and the Queen Regent," said Vincente; "the others are probably able to take care of themselves."

"None can guard himself against assassination."

The general seemed for a moment inclined to dispute this statement, but shrugged his shoulders and finally passed it by.

"The Queen," he said; "what of her?"

In response Concha took a newspaper from his pocket and spread it out on the table. After a brief search up and down the ill-printed columns he found the desired paragraph and read aloud:

"The Queen is in Madrid. The Queen Regent journeys from Seville to rejoin her daughter in the capital, prosecuting her journey by easy stages and accompanied by a small guard. Her Majesty sleeps at Ciudad Real to-night, and at Toledo to-morrow night."

"This," said Concha, folding the newspaper, "is a Carlist and revolutionary rag, whose readers are scarcely likely to be interested for a good motive in the movements of the Queen Regent."

"True, my dear padre—true," admitted Vincente, half reluctantly.

"Many kiss hands they would fain see chopped off. In the streets and on the plaza I have seen many reading this newspaper and talking over it with unusual interest. Like a bad lawyer, I am giving the confirmation of the argument before the argument itself."

"No matter, no matter."

"Ah! but we have no time to do things ill or carelessly," said the priest. "My story is a long one, but I will tell it as quickly as I can."

"Take your time," urged the general soothingly. "This great plot, you say, which is to spread over all Spain . . ."

"Is for to-morrow night, my friend."

(*To be continued.*)

UNDERTOW.

In boreal calm the spirit feels
A far-off thunder-roll,
And through each tropic passion steals
A current from the pole.

John B. Tabb.

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NEW BOOKS.

A GREAT AMERICAN NOVEL.*

It is a good custom, and not without justification in human nature, when you come to think of it, that makes the devout Catholic resort to the confessional before entering upon some arduous enterprise or grave undertaking. Confession once made, he goes about his business presumably with a clear conscience in his breast, and a new hope and purpose inspiring him. The present writer has a confession to make before venturing on a review of the book now under consideration, and hopes thereby to gain peace with himself and the author. A year ago it began to be bruited that Dr. Mitchell had written a great novel, the press took up the cry and cackled over this prodigious piece of hatching as it appeared in the magazine, then later came a circular with the gratuitous information that the Great American Novel had arrived, and here it was! All this to one who comes of a stubborn, stiff necked race had the effect of antagonising him, and his persistence in having nothing to do with the story lasted throughout its serial appearance. Indeed, he would not have read it now even in book form had it not been that he was afraid to trust it to some other reviewer who, under the weight of pressure from every side, would be sure to praise it without stint, which would be gall and wormwood. Taking up the book himself, therefore, he started with fierce joy to look out for those false notes and discords which he was sure the critics had sworn in secret to cover with a loud voice. He began making notes, with not much satisfaction, but before he had got half way into the first volume he had forgotten all about his quest. He has since carefully erased these trifling criticisms, lest in appearing to seek for peccadilloes, he meet with the condemnation of the man with the muck rake.

Hugh Wynne has the distinction of belonging with the few great historical novels of American life produced by American writers. It is a novel of the Revolution, with its interest concentred in Philadelphia. Taking the Quaker city as its base of operations, it combines the peculiar and conflicting social forces of the time, and follows the ramifications of the martial struggle in the North and in the South with a fidelity to history that has a singular charm for the reader, and a positive value for the student familiar with the historic characters and their setting. The coign of vantage thus afforded the author in distributing the interest over the movements of the army, and in preserving a just perspective to the procession of history during the uprising of the nation, is evident, when one reflects upon the concatenation of events that forms the history of this period, which events are skilfully threaded in the story. We have had stories that have given us a partial picture of this period, centred in New England, in New York and Virginia, but in no other do we remember having had passed in review so complete and comprehensive a panorama of this stirring crisis in American history. To have accomplished this is in itself a great feat. Coming fresh to the reading of *Hugh Wynne* after a recent perusal of Fiske's *American Revolution*, it surprised and delighted us to see with what ease and mastery the prominent characteristics of the war were brought before the mind's eye. Needless to say, that all that transpired during that time is by no means chronicled in these pages—that were to give us history and not romance—but the salient features and critical points are fastened on and depicted in the foreground of the picture, while in the background the less important features are lightly sketched in, so that the effect is one of harmony and unity of design. The conception of the whole picture is unique and satisfying, the point of view is novel and excites fresh interest in a familiar subject, the scenes are drawn with vividness of detail and picturesqueness of treatment that prove the possession in the artist of the historical imagination in a rare degree. No finer and more highly executed presentation of the War of the

* Hugh Wynne: Free Quaker. Sometime Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel on the Staff of His Excellency General Washington. By Dr. S. Weir Mitchell. New York: The Century Co. 2 vols. $2.00.

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Revolution has ever been focussed in fiction.

But to award to the author this high rôle in historical romance is not the highest virtue nor the most commendable in this book. *Hugh Wynne* is a story of strong human interest and vigour; it is a drama of compelling attraction and power. It is alive with the comedy and tragedy of human life. There are situations of thrilling intensity and climax in it which with an artist of less reserve and delicacy would have shrunk to mere melodrama. The only weak character in the book, to our thinking, is Captain Wynne; Dr. Mitchell is not at home with villainy. We feel that less unsophisticated creatures than Hugh Wynne, Jack Warder, or Darthea even, would have suspected and found means of denouncing him long before they did. But he is a very plausible villain, though just a trifle stagy, and we can put up with him for the sake of the noble and gallant company among whom this wolf in sheep's clothing stalks. Even him Dr. Mitchell could not portray without imparting a creative touch to his character which will always haunt our memory. Like Carker's grinning teeth in *Dombey and Son*, Captain Wynne's trick of half shutting his eyes and dropping his lower jaw in moments of craft or excitement will ever identify him. By the way, it is curious that another recent historical novel of this period, *A Son of the Old Dominion*, has for its villain an English lord bent on the same mischief of seeking and purloining an old title deed to an ancient seat in England.

The form of the story is autobiographical fiction. At first this seemed a serious drawback, but Hugh Wynne, who tells the story, becomes so real and holds us with so human a thrall that the illusion is soon complete, and when the reader is once fairly launched among the scenes and characters of the story the disadvantages of autobiography, if there be any in *Hugh Wynne*, are artfully concealed. Besides, the author saves his hero from seeming egotism by frequent use of excerpts from Jack Warder's diary at such junctures when the course of events requires in good taste the commentary of a disinterested person. And as happens sometimes, notably in *King Noanett*, the real hero is not he who tells the story and who figures prominently in the moving drama of these pages. To us it will be Jack Warder, Hugh Wynne's trusty and tender friend, with the heart of a woman encased in the armour of a man—the "girl-boy" of Aunt Wynne, the "Captain Blushes" of Darthea—who will have more power to draw us back to the book which contains glimpses of his life. Hugh Wynne will be the charmer for women, and rightly so; but find us the man whose heart will not beat quicker to the music of Jack's simple, noble life; as it always beats to that something noble and high, so seldom realised by men, but nevertheless so potent as an ideal. "All men can love," said George Sand, "but few have the capacity for friendship." Jack Warder was one of the favoured few, as Hugh Wynne himself once testified, and in his fidelity to Hugh Wynne and to Darthea we have another of those rare and precious tributes to the reality of friendship between men and women. David had no more faithful, true, and constant friend in Jonathan than Hugh Wynne had in Jack Warder. But surely the spell is upon us again; for it is not of living folk we speak. And yet, after all, are there not characters in fiction that are more real to us than many who are in life about us? As to that charming, delightful, most captivating of heroines, Darthea, who could resist her, and who will not bear away in his bosom some feeling of pain and pleasure that her presence has left behind? The immortality of beauty!—it is that which in Darthea, in the manly lineaments of Hugh Wynne, in the tender and finer lines of Jack Warder, in all this stately company, stamps *Hugh Wynne* with what seems to us the excellence that has the promise of permanence in it. The love of honour, the love of purity, the love of life, the love of love, these permeate the high purpose of the story, and nothing untrue, nothing ignoble, nothing unseemly sullies its pages. Albeit it is a chapter out of the book of humanity, and its handling of character, its view of life is sane and normal. Dr. Mitchell has succeeded with the character of Hugh Wynne in portraying a gentleman of the old school without an atom of priggism about him. His General Washington is the most accurate and human portrait we have yet had in fiction of that much-behaloed character, if we except Thackeray's portrait in *The Virginians*.

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It would be impossible to do justice to the delightful surprise, which Dr. Mitchell has at least given one reader, within the limits of a review. It is full of characters, real and imaginative, which one and all clamour for honourable mention. There is Hugh's father, as severe and unbending in his Quaker discipline and prejudice as was ever Puritan of Plymouth, and yet he stands for us, as he did for his son, head and shoulders above the crowd; there is Hugh's Aunt Wynne, and second mother, a host in herself; Hugh's own mother, the fascinating little lady of the Midi in France, who bequeathed of her vivacity and affection that which broadened out and humanised the Quaker creed for her son, the "Free Quaker;" and there are all the personages of history who cross the thread of the story and are once more resurrected and shone upon with the light of a glory at once borrowed and bestowed. The life of the old *régime* in Philadelphia is rehabilitated with all the variety and charm, the delicacy and grace, the elegance and refinement which we know belonged to it then. We step quietly into the old colonial society of that day with the ominous sounds of the oncoming storm entering as faint rumours brought from afar, to be taken seriously by a few, deemed ridiculous of belief by most. Then the narrative catches fire as circumstances begin to fan the flames of the passion of patriotism, and of the passion of love. To the end we are held absorbed by the interplay of these two great passions working in good and evil until the curtain is rung down on the happy *dénouement*, victory-crowned conquest, both in love and war.

It is outside the province of criticism in this generation to pronounce definite judgment for posterity upon contemporaneous literature; we can only attempt to appraise it for ourselves and show why we believe certain books to contain the elements of permanence. We may not have been successful in convincing the reader that *Hugh Wynne* possesses this virtue of endurance—the book itself must do that; but to us it seems to bear upon it the unhasting marks of work written for the future. The impression of *Hugh Wynne* on the whole is that it is a great novel of its kind—that is to say, in the field of historical and dramatic fiction. It approximates more nearly than any novel we know to what may be regarded as the only great novel of early American life and history. Strange that this should be the work of an Englishman. In *The Virginians* we have the best model of what an American novel laid on broad lines of human life and dealing with the periodic movements of its history should be. In the wide sweep of *The Virginians*, extending from Washington's enlistment before Braddock's defeat to the resignation of Washington after the seven years' war; in its picturesque presentment of the contrasts of life in the Old World and in the New; in its portrayal of Virginian colonial life and character; in its subordination of the historic trend to the social aspects of life in the two countries; still more in its faithful portraiture of the young Virginian, in whom Thackeray's sane art found a fit subject for the blending of human weakness and strength, of foibles of temperament and conduct, with nobility of character and high endeavour—in these essentials Thackeray's great novel stands unapproached by anything that has since been written. There is one great scene in the last chapter where with a few strokes Thackeray painted one of his undying pictures. It is when the general lays down his victorious sword and meets his comrades of the army in a last adieu. In Dr. Mitchell's novel this scene is also described and forms an artistic climax to the historical cast of the story, but it fails to rise to the dignity, the reserve, the completeness of Thackeray's picture. The parting as Thackeray portrayed it will remain one of the memorable scenes in historical fiction. Eye-witnesses reported it; historians have described it; but Thackeray immortalised it.

James MacArthur.

CICERO AND HIS FRIENDS.*

The good name of Cicero must always be dear to literature, and though he will probably never recover the unique position which the splendour of his style

* Cicero and his Friends. By Gaston Boissier, translated by A. D. Jones. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.75.

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once secured him, yet he has in recent years been the object of such virulent attacks, notably at the hands of Drumann and Mommsen, that it is pleasant to see his conduct and character discussed in a more reasonable, because a more sympathetic spirit. M. Boissier fully acknowledges that Mommsen is "the master of all who study Rome and her history," but with regard to his treatment of Cicero he strongly protests against the paradox that "this pretended statesman was only an egotist and a short-sighted politician, and this great writer only made up of a newspaper novelist and a special pleader." "Here," he writes, "we perceive the same pen that has just written down Cato a Don Quixote and Pompey a corporal;" and he claims that the correspondence of Cicero, in which he lays bare to us every passing emotion, should not be scrutinised by professors with "conscientious malevolence," but judged in a larger spirit by those who have "more acquaintance with life than one usually finds in a German university."

In this M. Boissier is undoubtedly right. An impulsive and excitable man who, during twenty years such as those which preceded the murder of Cæsar, plays a leading part in politics and is also a writer of exceptional brilliancy and power, cannot indulge in a large and intimate correspondence without revealing to the inquisitive eyes of posterity a thousand weaknesses, inconsistencies, and errors. With the letters to Atticus in his hand a schoolboy can make Cicero appear contemptible. Has he not secured for his reputation what Dogberry desired, writing himself down "a genuine ass" (*scio me asinum germanum fuisse—Ad Att.* iv. 5), and should not this be taken as a final judgment on his character, just as the equally famous remark which he makes about his philosophical writings—"they are copies; I only supply words, in which I abound"—is quoted by Mommsen as the final verdict which sober criticism should pass on works such as the *De Officiis* and the *De Natura Deorum?* These works were written, according to that great authority, "with equal peevishness and precipitation . . . in rude imitation of Aristotle" during the few months before the orator's death, and no contempt can be too great for them or for their writer. Yet, after all, the old man who, mastering at last his natural timidity, had signed his own death-warrant by publishing the *Philippics* might seem to deserve consideration rather than contumely, if, before the sword fell, he spent his latest hours in seeking to place before his fellow-countrymen some account of those philosophical speculations which then afforded the poor but only substitute for religion. "When, in studying his history," writes M. Boissier, "I am tempted to reproach him with irresolution and weakness, I think of his end; I see him as Plutarch has so well depicted him, 'his beard and hair dirty, his countenance worn, taking his chin in his left hand as his manner was, and looking steadily at his murderers,' and I no longer dare to be severe." This is the language of humanity, and it is also the language of justice.

To deride Cicero and deify Cæsar, "saluting in advance that popular despot who can alone give unity to Germany," was no doubt natural for Mommsen, but the French have learned in this century that even wise men may, as Cicero did, halt between two opinions and admire Cæsar, but love the Republic. The French temperament, too, with its love of wit, eloquence, and literary grace, its versatility and impulsiveness, is far more akin than the more phlegmatic mood of Germany to the character of Cicero, and in consequence M. Boissier writes with that sympathetic insight without which no man's life can be written well. He understands Cicero, and he makes us understand him. He does not seek to describe him as a hero, but he does show us how this man, whose rare gifts have endeared him to thousands of readers during twenty centuries, being called upon in a time of unexampled difficulty and danger to take a great place in public life, did, in spite of human infirmities, so bear himself as to deserve almost always our sympathy, and not infrequently our respect.

It only remains to add that the exceedingly complex characters of Atticus, Brutus, and Augustus are discussed with great tact and discrimination, while throughout, the work of translation is executed with taste and accuracy. The book is an excellent book, and deserves to be widely read.

T. E. Page.

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JEROME, A POOR MAN.*

That which a young preacher denominated "the naked beauty of perfect holiness" does not make up well in fiction. It usually lacks the individuality or warmth to be real. John Halifax, so far from being a gentleman, was probably more a woman than a man. Romola is less rememberable than Tito, Hester Prynne than Arthur Dimmesdale, Agnes Wickfield than Becky Sharp, Miss Burney's Evelina than Richardson's Clarissa, and King Arthur of the Round Table than Eugene Aram. When in their quest of reality the novelists have not so far missed the very essence of goodness as to produce characters that are icily regular or faultlessly null, they have generally succeeded in caricaturing it; witness John Storm, who is either a melodramatic abortion or merely a bore, according to one's point of view. Miss Wilkins, with a shrewd discernment of the ethical as well as the literary bearings of her theme, has made Jerome Edwards neither vapid nor tawdry, but so excessively good that he actually sins (in a mild but reprehensible and human way) from conceit of holiness. "By the Lord Harry," said Squire Merritt, "he shall swallow his damned pride before he gives my girl an anxious hour!" But from one end of the novel to the other he didn't swallow his pride; and Lucina, who was yearning to share his much-obtruded poverty, and had every reason to be treated otherwise, suffered many an anxious hour and received rebuffs which only one who loved not the right, but his love of the right, whose conscience was surcharged with egotism—in fine, a Puritanic prig, could inflict. From the spring day when, from his sunny nook beneath the rocky ledge, he spurned Lucina's gentle proffer of gingerbread with the cry: "Ain't hungry; have all I want at home," to his impulsive acceptance of Simon Basset's bet, in the corner grocery, that no one present would give away money if he had it, and his subsequent distribution among the poor of the village, according to his boyish promise, of the $25,000 bequeathed him, and his devoting the hard-earned savings that should have built his mill to the amelioration of his relatives and neighbours—"drivelling idiocy of benevolence" some one called it—and the destruction of the mill when it finally materialised (all of which deterred him from marriage or even sympathy with his brave, wistful Lucina), he was, as the author repeatedly intimates, the miser of a false trait in his own character, neglecting with that curious, dogmatic selfishness, which sometimes has its roots in unselfishness, to consider the effect on Lucina of the seeming repulse of her love and constancy. Of course he should have realised that without him she was poorer than he could possibly be, that birth is an accident anyway, the conditions into which we are born accidents, and that, not having earned the wealth her father lavished upon her, it was purely accidental that she was not at that moment nibbling shredded wheat and sassafras root rather than lollipops.

But to what lengths,

"O ye douce good folk that live by rule,"

will your pig-headed rectitude carry you when you make a fetish of an idea and try to fit all the divinest impulses and emotions of your nature to its procrustean measure! "Blind as a bat," you probably flatter yourselves, is an apt comparison; but if there is a horrid, clammy, circling, clawing, blood-sucking vampire on Brooklyn heights that is half as blind as you are, it has yet to be encountered in the night-time. One who no more intended to sermonise than the present writer, and who knew the pitiable excesses of the unco guid perfectly, said that "tempers strain and recover, hearts break and heal, strength falters, fails, and comes near to giving way altogether, without being noticed by the closest lookers-on"—which is a very accurate delineation of the havoc wrought by such a person as Jerome. And yet he was a chip of the old block, for had not his father, after an ineffectual attempt to lift the mortgage, concluded that he was only a burden to his family, and secreted himself in a neighbouring town till he could make his little pile and return to find that funeral rites in his behalf had been punctiliously observed years before?

There is a great deal in the story to relieve the little tragedy which is its kernel. Besides Jerome and Lucina there are Elmira and Lawrence, who

* Jerome, a Poor Man. By Mary E. Wilkins. New York: Harper & Bros. $1.50.

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progress in much the same way, the author now taking a pull at one pair of lovers and now at the other, often in the same chapter. The two plots are dovetailed together like Crandall building blocks, and perhaps could be separated without organic rupture. In the last hundred pages one feels that the wires are being laid for a happy ending. With whatever high-minded determination Miss Wilkins may have begun the story, she apparently came, in the fashion of Mrs. Oliphant, so to sympathise with her lovers as to be morally incapable of killing or parting them in deference to the rules of art. Then, too, Lucina's father is altogether a genial personage, a sort of Will Wimble and Uncle Alec (can it be that you have forgotten *Eight Cousins?*) rolled into one. There is also Aunt Camilla, with her lavender-scented garments making harp music on the rails of the banisters and delicately acquiescing with Lucina's illusions when that stately, demure little lady drank tea with her in the summer-house. She agreeably offsets the grimness of Jerome's mother, whose face, "curiously triangular in outline, like a cat's, with great hollow black eyes between thin, parted curtains of black false hair," confronts us all too often. Lucina herself, daintily prim, acquiring by degrees a knowledge of herself and the big world in which she loved and Jerome struggled, wondering in her childhood if poplars were really trees and digging cautiously around the roots of one to see if it would topple over; ever timid until she knew and then confiding, yet possessed of the quick impulse of maidenhood to flee, when unsought, is a vivid and sweet presentment of girlish development. From Jerome's sudden transition to manhood, too, one gains a rare insight into the workings of a boy's mind when responsibility hardens despair and crystallises dreams into action.

If Miss Wilkins had bestowed as much care on the form of her story as she did on its psychology and subdued picturesqueness, it would deserve to win a permanent place in our literature. To begin with, it is about two hundred pages too long. Its movement, which is necessarily no swifter than that of village life in New England or the sluggish currents of Jane Austen's and Charlotte Brontë's domestic scenes, is retarded by shoals of superfluous descriptive matter. One wearies of hearing what Lucina or her Aunt Camilla wore on this and that occasion, and conceives a positive abhorrence of the trees in Squire Merritt's front yard, lest Jerome, whose moods are incessantly reflected in nature, shall never reach the door by reason of the author's excursions among them. Thus the significant detail, which it is the high prerogative of the artist to select, and that by instinct, is too frequently lost. The dialogue, too, instead of carrying its own weight and colour, is accompanied by profuse explanations of how the speaker enunciated his words, and felt when speaking them. This running commentary of emotional analysis would manifestly be out of place in a short story; and even in a novel, where it does not imply a feeble grasp of character, it robs the reader's imagination of half its pleasure. Then the story "crawfishes" at times. Chapters VIII. and IX. belong before Chapter VII., and Chapters XVI. and XVII. before Chapter XV. As long as no serious confusion results, this may seem to be a trivial criticism; but I am persuaded that the clearest and best stories (with a few classical exceptions), whether they most resemble a straight line or a spiral, or a Hittite inscription, do not double on their tracks.

Finally, the carelessness of Miss Wilkins's writing in little affairs of diction and good taste is amazing. The story has on it the brand of forced marches for hurried serial publication. What, pray, is the meaning of the sentence "There the juvenility of comparison was hers"? Or of Lucina's turning to her father rather than her mother "to ask that she might go or have"? And why does Miss Wilkins split every infinitive that comes to hand? Why does she dilute similes to insipidity and mix metaphors and jangle sounds as in "disrespect of discomfort"? George Eliot, and even Rose Terry Cooke and Miss Alcott, thought it worth while to attend to such matters. Has Miss Wilkins reached the point where she no longer cares for the good opinion of educated persons? Is she willing ultimately to be ranked with the throng of novelists who are as incapable of turning out literary work as the majority of readers are of appreciating it? The aged woman who moved with "a stiff wobble of

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black bombazined hips," and the clergyman who in his prayer for relatives of the deceased "had a fine instinct for other people's corns and prejudices," in some way fail to appeal. In actual life it is entirely probable that an old lady who had driven ten miles to attend a funeral would whisper audibly in the midst of the decorous service, "I smell the tea—I do, I smell it. Yes, I do—I told ye so. I tell ye, I smell the tea;" but one rather wishes that in the story she would smell it once and be done with it. Nor is there any particular use, that I can see, in repeating *ad nauseam* such banalities as "Who's that?" "What's goin' to be done?" "Where are you, husband?" Novels should be a little less stupid than life, and, after all, in moments of excitement there are those among us New Englanders who have a really varied and entertaining assortment of interrogatives and expletives.

G. M. H.

THE LIFE OF A JOURNALIST.*

Almost twenty years ago, in March, 1879, a career of brilliant promise was cut short by the sudden death, at the early age of thirty-seven, of James Macdonell, a leader writer on the London *Times*. Dr. Robertson Nicoll's story of the strenuous effort and achievement crowded into the latter half of those thirty-seven years, introduced to the American public in Mr. George W. Smalley's *Tribune* letters when it first appeared in England, has now received the recognition of an American edition. Looked at simply as a contribution to biographical literature, it is a story of wonderful vividness and power. Told for the most part through Macdonell's own letters and the familiar sketching of his intimates (which are admirably edited), it brings the reader into close touch with the man himself, a man well worth knowing, a man of brilliancy of intellect and charm of character.

But the book is more than a picture of a full and interesting and even fascinating life. It is a picture of journalism under modern conditions. As Dr. Nicoll himself says in his opening sentence, it is "the life of a journalist—perhaps the only life of a journalist pure and simple ever written." It is the life of a man who was an enthusiastic journalist, who believed in journalism and its high and noble mission, who was devoted to it as to an art or a science, who was true to it and to his ideals of it under every stress, who abhorred what was cheap and unworthy in it, and who proved its satisfactory possibilities for the man with a genius for it, although holding unflinchingly in the service of others to the demands of his own self-respect. Perhaps by way of contrast it may be permitted to quote from a private letter received recently by an American friend from a London journalist in a position to-day very similar to that which was occupied by Macdonell:

> "The daily paper is becoming more and more contemptible. It is a mere vulgar, catchpenny, sensational production, in which men of a low, vulpine order of talent succeed best."

That kind of pessimistic treason would have been impossible to James Macdonell. Living, it would have stirred loyal wrath. Dead, it finds in his career, brief as it was, stout protest and refutation.

The story of James Macdonell begins among those picturesque Scottish scenes, made so familiar of late. He was born at Dyce, "a bleak little village some six miles from Aberdeen," of a curiously contrasted parentage. His father was a Highlander and a Roman Catholic. His mother was an Aberdeenshire woman and a Protestant. From the one he inherited "the dreamy, passionate, chivalrous nature of the Celt;" from the other "the industry, tenacity, and shrewdness" of the Saxon. To the father was appointed that commonest of unlucky dispensations, a large family and narrow means—he was an excise officer in a district where smuggling, especially of whiskey, was held to be legitimate. Yet he got much out of life, for he was refined in his tastes, enjoying books, music, and the society of his intimate friends. Three dominating influences determined the boy's career. The first was that of a stimulating teacher of the type of Ian Maclaren's Domsie; the second, that of a notable provincial editor—a sort of Scotch Sam Bowles of the Springfield *Republican*—William McCombie of the Aberdeen *Free Press*, whose warm friendship

* James Macdonell, Journalist. By W. Robertson Nicoll, M.A., LL.D. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $2.75.

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turned the bent of young Macdonell's mind from business to journalism; the third, that of an atmosphere charged with an intensity of theological difference of every kind and degree. This was accentuated in Macdonell's case by his own peculiar inheritance—the Roman Catholic creed in a Scotch Presbyterian environment. He emerged from it, after a severe struggle, a liberal Protestant, but never so liberal as to lose his grip on the basal realities of religion. The training thus received so young kept him to the end an expert theological controversialist.

Macdonell's career as a professional journalist began at twenty, as sub-editor of the Edinburgh *Daily Review* under Henry Kingsley—a brother of Charles, and author of the Australian stories (recently reissued)—who, however, was not successful as an editor. Next Macdonell became editor of the *Northern Daily Express* of Newcastle, at a salary of $750 a year, a position of no small responsibility, where he bade fair to spend the rest of his days as a provincial editor. But a kindly fate intervened in the person of a London purchaser of the property, a sort of "syndicate" man. This typically modern newspaper proprietor had his news, and even his editorials, prepared and stereotyped in London, shipping them the same day to the various provincial papers he controlled, and leaving for the nominal editor latitude only in the matter of local news—exactly the principle of production of the numerous "plate" papers which to-day fill every small city and town all over the United States. This curtailment of position piqued Macdonell's professional pride. Through the influence of friends, and a rising reputation for exceptional ability, he obtained the place of assistant editor, when just turned twenty-three, in the office of the London *Daily Telegraph*, barely missing a similar berth on the Edinburgh *Scotsman*, the great journal across the border, to his then great regret. Thus was launched his metropolitan career. On the *Telegraph* he remained ten years, representing his journal in Paris after the German war and contributing occasional articles to *Fraser's*, the *Spectator*, or some other periodical of equal standing. Later he joined the staff of the London *Times* as a leader writer.

This is the skeleton of Macdonell's career. Its osseous details are only clothed in the living flesh of interest and significance as we see the man himself always absorbed in his work, even in moments of apparent rest. A leading New York journalist once said that every newspaper proprietor should make it compulsory for his editorial writers to spend at least two nights a week at some leading club, so that the men who speak for the press might keep in closest contact with the men who make news and opinions about it. In Macdonell's case such a rule would have been superfluous. Much of the secret of his journalistic success lay in the magnetic charm of a personality that made many acquaintances and turned them into friends. Their respect for his high ideals became first respect for himself, and then respect for the journalism he represented. They turned their best side to him, they opened up to him, by the simplest natural law of human intercourse, the attraction of a bright and sympathetic personality. In Paris he was on terms of more or less intimacy with such widely separated men as Lord Lyons, the English ambassador, the Comte de Paris, Louis Blanc, M. Guizot, and M. Taine, who gave him his close personal friendship. In England he numbered among his friends James Anthony Froude, Mr. Delane, the great editor of the London *Times;* Alfred Austin, Sir D. Mackenzie Wallace, Richard H. Hutton, the editor of the *Spectator;* J. R. Seeley, William Black, and George W. Smalley. From all he drew that stimulus to freshness of view which made him on the journalistic side so effective a commentator on any subject that he touched. But he bestowed as well as received. He was a deep and hard thinker, with an exceptional capacity for the acquisition of facts—he made himself especially an authority on French politics—and thus what he said or wrote carried weight. He had the gift of versatility too, as when in a single week he contributed leaders to the *Times* on Burmah, Spanish affairs, Russia in Central Asia, Canadian affairs, and ironclads. In short, he had that all-roundness which is the true test of journalistic genius.

In having to say so much about the man and his career in order to explain what he was and why—owing to the anonymous character of journalistic work, which Macdonell himself rejoiced

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in, calling his leader writing on the *Times* "having the use of the most powerful speaking trumpet in the world"—one is left almost no space for the series of charming pictures which begin with his London career. Now it is a glimpse of Holman Hunt in his studio; now he is with Ruskin at a garden party given by Miss Jean Ingelow; again it may be a call on Carlyle, a meeting with Renan, or perhaps an afternoon at M. Guizot's or M. Taine's. Once more the scene changes, and we see the journalist creating a mild theological sensation by "writing up" the Archbishop of York as he officiated "on the quiet" in a dissenting Presbyterian church in a little Scotch town where he was visiting; or perhaps we see him as he went with sickened heart to witness the execution of a condemned Paris communist, a brave young fellow who refused to have his eyes bandaged, but faced the murderous fire of the soldiers. Kaleidoscopic is the effect of the constant shifting, yet never so quickly done as to slight successive pictures of a beautiful and tender home life, into which entered so many distinguished social and intellectual relationships, and out of which radiated so much to so wide a circle. That, after all, is the side of a many-sided life on which one lingers the longest.

Arthur Reed Kimball.

BALLADS OF LOST HAVEN.*

A new volume of poems by Mr. Bliss Carman is a literary event which appeals not only to the love of beauty but to the love of novelty as well. Each of Mr. Carman's books has a note of its own, which differentiates it sharply from its fellows. These differences do not represent stages of development, but merely Mr. Carman's devotion to unity of effect. They are due to the system on which he makes up his collections. In love with simplicity, he sacrifices not only the cheap charm of variety, but sometimes even the richness of the full harmonic chord, in order to secure his music from confusion and the jarring of unrelated themes. He published no book until he had a quantity of mature and perfected verse on hand. From this he selected, without reference to the dates of their composition, a number of poems bearing an obvious relationship to each other in mood and key, and thus made up his first volume. Successive volumes have been made up on the same system; and each, therefore, whatever the charge of monotony now and then urged by the captious, has made its distinctive impression, and lives by virtue of its own personality. The system is not only admirable for the moderation which it expresses and the reserve force which it implies, but is likely to justify itself on the purely practical side. While each volume stands absolutely on its own merits, it plays its part, at the same time, as a single member of a collective edition, and suggests the need of its companion volumes, past or to come.

Mr. Carman's first volume, *Low Tide on Grand Pré*, was pitched in a poignant minor key. Lyric emotion in this volume takes precedence of lyric thought, though this latter factor is in no degree lacking. The two *Vagabondia* volumes, made up of poems by Mr. Carman and Mr. Hovey, sound a joyous and virile note. Their voice is that of the lover of life and love, of freedom and sane mirth. *Behind the Arras* is well characterised as "a book of the unseen." It is in a major key throughout, pervaded by a largeness of utterance and a vibrant depth of tone. Generally mystical, sometimes obscure through overpersistent pursuit of curious thought, often harsh in phrase and wording, it yet must stand as one of the most significant and enduring works in pure poetry that this century's end can show. Lyric thought, in this case, dominates lyric emotion; but the latter factor is nowhere insufficient.

Mr. Carman's latest volume, *Ballads of Lost Haven*, just issued in beautiful and dignified dress, carries the obvious sub-title of "A Book of the Sea." Its prevailing note is one of a large sadness and overbrooding mystery. It is the most elemental, massive, unhasting of Mr. Carman's books. There is little of the plangency of *Low Tide on Grand Pré*—the mood is too grave for complaint. There is none of the curious thought that piques the reader in *Behind the Arras*. But there is the pathos of human

* Ballads of Lost Haven. A Book of the Sea. By Bliss Carman. Boston: Lamson, Wolffe & Co. $1.00.

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life at issue or at truce with unsolved mysteries. The vast force of external nature fills all the lines.

Most of the poems in the collection are true ballads—lyric narratives of human action or human passion, such as "The Yule Guest," "The King of Ys," and "The Marring of Malyn." This predominantly human character of the collection should win it a circle of readers not quite reached by the preceding volumes. The appeal here is to all who love the sea and are concerned to ask how it touches the heart of man.

In spite of its unity of theme and sentiment the volume affords a comparatively wide range. At one limit stands the splendidly masculine song of "The Gravedigger," which belongs to the big-limbed company of the "Spring Song" and "Gamelbar." The following extracts from this poem can give but a partial idea of its quality :

"Oh, the shambling sea is a sexton old,
And well his work is done.
With an equal grave for lord and knave,
He buries them every one.

"Then hoy and rip, with a rolling hip,
He makes for the nearest shore ;
And God, who sent him a thousand ship,
Will send him a thousand more ;
But some he'll save for a bleaching grave,
And shoulder them in to shore—
Shoulder them in, shoulder them in,
Shoulder them in to shore.

* * * * *

"Oh, he works with a rollicking stave at lip,
And loud is the chorus skirled ;
With the burly rote of his rumbling throat
He batters it down the world.

"He learned it once in his father's house,
Where the ballads of eld were sung ;
And merry enough is the burden rough,
But no man knows the tongue.

"Then hoy and rip, with a rolling hip, etc."

At the opposite boundary are the poignant cadences of "The Yule Guest," one of the most rememberable and genuine of all modern ballads. The structural looseness so frequent in Mr. Carman's longer poems is not noticeable in this ballad, as it is in the suggestive but rather chaotic and inexplicable "Kelpie Riders." This latter poem leads one to wonder if Mr. Carman does not once in a great while let himself write something designed exclusively for the innermost circle of his disciples. He can be, and generally is, quite clear in his thought as in his music. But each volume contains at least one poem, such as "The Kelpie Riders" in this collection, "The Silent Lodger" in *Behind the Arras*, and "The House of Idiedaily" in *Songs from Vagabondia*, which the illuminated may love, indeed, but which surely no one, not even Mr. Carman himself, can wholly understand.

As a whole, this volume contains much of Mr. Carman's most mature and perfect work, with his faults so far subdued as not at all to mar the general effect. The critic may, for purposes of light and shade, call attention to a diffuseness here or a pet mannerism there in certain of the poems. But the reader reading for delight will be conscious only of the fulness of colour, imagination, and mystery, of the close approach to nature, of the unforgettable lines and phrases that crowd the pages of this volume.

The following poem, "A Son of the Sea," which occupies the first page of the book, in a sense epitomises the whole collection :

"I was born for deep-sea faring ;
I was bred to put to sea ;
Stories of my father's daring
Filled me at my mother's knee.

"I was sired among the surges ;
I was cubbed beside the foam ;
All my heart is in its verges,
And the sea wind is my home.

"All my boyhood, from far vernal
Bourns of being, came to me
Dream-like, plangent, and eternal
Memories of the plunging sea."

Charles G. D. Roberts.

THE BRONTËS: FACT AND FICTION.*

Mr. Mackay's little book about the Brontës is mainly concerned with two questions. First, did Charlotte Brontë lose her heart to a Belgian dominie at Brussels? Next, what is the historical value of Dr. Wright's entertaining book about the Brontë family in Ireland? There can be only one reason for discussing the former problem. Perhaps a critic may ask himself, Are Miss Brontë's pictures of unhappy passion suggested merely by fancy and observa-

* The Brontës : Fact and Fiction. By Angus Mackay, B.A. New York : Dodd, Mead & Co. $1 50.

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tion of other distressed ladies, or are they coloured by her own experience "of love that never found his earthly close"? The enigma has a certain curious interest, as a question concerned with "the mechanism of genius." But I confess that I do not care to pry into the most sacred intimacy of a lady whose husband is still alive, and whose surviving friends have feelings to be considered. The curious may turn to Mr. Mackay's pages for themselves. They are well reasoned. As to Dr. Wright's book, Mr. Mackay blames the critics for universally accepting its narrative. But I remember that, for one, I myself urged a number of difficulties, geographical, genealogical, historical, and ethical. Dr. Wright replied. There was a correspondence, in what periodical I cannot recollect.

Mr. Mackay very judiciously prints a genealogical chart of the ancestral Brontës, as he gathers their dates and affinities from Dr. Wright. I quote the Family Tree.

The wild improbabilities of the relations of Hugh II. and Welsh are merely accounted for by the oddity of all Brontës. Then Welsh only becomes a father about thirty years after his marriage. So Mr. Mackay goes on, and Dr. Wright's reply will be awaited with interest. Mr. Mackay decides that "the stories are not true, and it seems now equally certain that it was not Hugh II. who propagated them." The ghost stories of Hugh III. suffer terribly from Mr. Mackay, and certainly will not satisfy the S.P.R. The legend of the celebrated Avenger, Hugh III., who wanted to destroy the *Quarterly* reviewer of *Jane Eyre*, is said not to contain "a word of truth." Mr. Murray never heard of it, there is no record of it; I can vouch for a total dearth of allusions to it in Lockhart's letters to his daughter; but I have not seen his letters to Mr. Murray. Mr. George Smith knows nothing of it; Hugh's visits to the Museum reading-room are not in the Museum record. *Jane Eyre* was reviewed,

HUGH BRONTË I. (*the Founder*).

Settled in a house and farm near Drogheda, shortly after the Battle of the Boyne, say 1690.

- A large family, including Hugh II.'s father, name unknown; born *circa* 1710 (?); settled in south of Ireland, *circa* 1735.
  - A large family, including
  - Hugh II. (the Paragon); born *circa* 1745 (p. 23): lived in south of Ireland, 1745–1750; lived with Welsh at Drogheda, 1750–1761; settled in County Down, 1761–18—.
    - Married Alice McClory, 1776.
      - Patrick *b.* 1777. The novelists, born between 1813 and 1820.
      - William *b.* 1779.
      - Hugh III. (the Giant) *b.* 1781.
      - James *b.* 1783.
      - Welsh *b.* 1786.
      - Jane *b.* 1789.
      - Mary *b.* 1791.
      - Rose
      - Sarah
      - Alice *b.* 1800 (?) *d.* 1890.
- Mary, born *circa* 1715; married the villain Welsh, *circa* 1735; lived in or near Drogheda.

Dr. Wright urges that his dates are but vaguely approximate. Mr. Mackay does not believe in most of the *facts*, but the facts demand these dates, these, or nearly these. The facts, as given by Dr. Wright, are now as well known as romantic, and are said to have suggested *Wuthering Heights*. The story comes, it seems, from Hugh II., and Mr. Mackay points out that, if Hugh II. is right, Hugh I. must have begun to beget his large family when he was about eighty.

in the *Quarterly*, in December, 1848. "Shortly after February, 1849, Charlotte knew that Miss Rigby was the reviewer." But Dr. Wright argues that Hugh III. arrived at Haworth, with his club, before Christmas, 1848, and left England, *brédouille*, before the end of January, 1849. Now Emily died December 19th, 1848, Anne was very ill, Hugh says nothing of this, his nieces say nothing about his inopportune visit. Mr. Mackay does not think that Anne

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really encouraged Hugh in his purpose of slaying the reviewer. Perhaps Anne did not expect Hugh to go so far, but it is a very improbable story, at the least. Old Mr. Brontë sent to Hugh a copy of a *cheap Jane Eyre* in January, 1853, saying, "This is the first work published by my daughter under the fictitious name of Currer Bell," and added explanations quite needless, being already well known to the Avenger, if the Avenger story is true. Old Mr. Brontë (*teste* Charlotte) did not even know of the *Quarterly* review, ten months after date. Yet how could he avoid knowing of it, if the Avenger came over to Haworth as soon as the review appeared? Then we are told that the old parson took Hugh to a prize-fight, "almost before his daughter Emily was cold in her grave." The niece and grand-niece of the Avenger never heard the tale, "nor do we believe it." Dr. Wright may be able to explain these circumstances; we can only wait. As to my own old opinion that the editor of the *Quarterly* had inserted the offensive passages in the review of *Jane Eyre*, my discovery of Lockhart's letter on the subject of course altered my view. The real wonder is that Lockhart allowed the article to appear as Miss Rigby wrote it, so enthusiastic—too enthusiastic—was his admiration of the novel.

Mr. Mackay's book confirms the doubts which I expressed when Dr. Wright's book first appeared. We cannot, of course, expect history from the lips of mere tradition, but the origin of these legends seems to need exploration. Dr. Wright is obviously sincere in his beliefs; *he* did not invent the stories, and the exact history of their growth in the popular fancy would be of curious interest. When Hugh III. is made to say that his grandfather, Hugh I., suffered, somehow, under George III., we may suspect a misprint. George I. must be intended, if any George, and, if so, some anachronisms will disappear, and some miracles with them. The Avenger story, being modern, is the most difficult to explain, and even the oddity of the Brontës hardly makes the contradictory circumstances intelligible. No letters from Mr. Murray to Lockhart on the subject exist at Abbotsford.

Andrew Lang.

A STORY OF MODERN AMERICA.*

The author of *The Federal Judge* has made a bold stroke at the outset for public suffrage. The life which he depicts is the life of to-day, the life that is reflected in the newspapers everywhere in America, and with which every citizen of the United States is more or less familiar. The colossal financial fraud engineered by the railway magnate and his fellow-conspirators is a modern story, and the "judge" as well as the "magnate" are both products of our civilisation. The story in all its details is not only convincing because of its strong realism, but because we are familiar with the facts upon which it is based. We breathe the very atmosphere which makes it live before our eyes; the conditions of life which hem and press us in on every side have begotten it; it is a piece of our American life incarnated and realised in fiction, so that few readers will be able to lay down the book without recognising the likeness.

The Federal Judge bears witness in a striking manner to the power of unconscious influence. Judge Tracy Dunn had laid the beams of his life on the pillars of justice and rectitude. He began his career as a strenuous opponent of corporations and trusts, and gained a reputation as a friend of the labouring class. We see the country judge plucked from his quiet home and dropped into a new world "at a time of his life when he had formed all the habits of the old one, in which he had lived for more than half a century. And never did the vivid imagination of an Arabian story-teller conceive a fable in which the mortal was more helpless or less able to direct the course of events which governed him." In the whirlpool of circumstance, which nearly ends in a fatal maelström for him, the judge is doggedly convinced that he is steering intelligently and conscientiously, and never doubts but that he is launched on a voyage that will make the office he fills shine with a new lustre, and that his judgments will put on record a wise and far-seeing precedent for future administrators in the federal court. The subtle and determining influences which undermine the judge's prejudices against corporations; the pathetic falling-in of all his hopes

* The Federal Judge. By Charles K. Lush. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.25.

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and strong convictions when he is left stranded by those whom he helped in blindness to frustrate the very ends he had sought all his life to serve ; the unflinching integrity and sterling honesty of the man all through the duplicity which befooled him ; the simplicity and sincerity, the fidelity and truthfulness of his character sharply visualised by the contrast of his surroundings—nothing exists in the picture here drawn which it might not be possible to duplicate somewhere in the life about us.

But if the judge appeals to our sympathies by reason of his uprightness and simplicity and rugged traits of character, the railway magnate moves us to admiration by his intellectual supremacy over men, his daring invention, his splendid audacity and dexterity in playing with men and money on the great chess-board of life. His insight into human nature, his knowledge of men and women, his adroit and unscrupulous machinery in handling and moulding them to his will excites our wonder. He saw the weak side of Judge Dunn—"A fine gentleman, an honest man, an upright judge, but—human." Well, that is the vulnerable spot in all of us ; and Elliott Gardwell himself was not exempt from it. Had it been so he would not have fallen in love with the judge's daughter Harriet, nor would he have overreached himself and miscalculated events at the eleventh hour, and this story would not have been written. The *dénouement* is as startling as it is unexpected, and is one of the strong climaxes in fiction. It is dramatic, for it is inevitable ; we see that Nemesis has all along had a strand in the web which Gardwell has been spinning with the cool assurance of the self-deceived, and the self-deceived are the damned. Yet is there something in Gardwell that arouses awe as well as pity—the awe which we feel in the presence of a magnificent human ruin.

These are but the two poles of contrast by which the various characters in the story are repulsed or attracted to work out their purpose. The book is strong in characterisation and incident and the excitements that fire the imagination. It has humour and the sentiment of fine feeling ; it aims more at broad, effective strokes than at refined analysis or description. There is no literary quality to speak of ; the captious may find structural faults and inartistic flaws not a few—and welcome. All we claim for it is that it is successful in achieving the end at which it aims—it is a capital story of the hour, and for the hour. As we have said, the types of character are familiar to us and the movements traced are current in our history ; but the setting of these characters, the motives which empower them to act, the clash of principle and interest, the graphic picture of prominent features in American life are endowed with originality ; and the moral force of the book as well as the great attraction of the story is undeniably felt. By no preaching or array of platitudes are the social and commercial evils of our life arraigned, but by the concrete presentment of their disintegrating influence in human action. *The Federal Judge* is a book that every American who reads will be thoroughly interested in, and it is a book that ought to be read by every American. No more thrilling tale of the American life of to-day in the arena of commerce and politics has yet been published.

J. M.

AGLAVAINE AND SÉLYSETTE.*

The literary movement of our time has been a movement against the external and heterogeneous, and like all literary movements, its French expression is more intelligible and obvious than its English expression, because more extreme. When one compares *La Tentation de Saint Antone* of Flaubert, the last great work of the old romantic movement, with the *Axël* of Villiers de l'Isle Adam, the first great work of the new romantic movement, one understands the completeness of the change. A movement which never mentions an external thing except to express a state of the soul has taken the place of a movement which delighted in picturesque and bizarre things for their own sakes. M. Maeterlinck has called himself a disciple of Villiers de l'Isle Adam, who, in the words of a recent French critic, "opened the doors of the beyond with a crash that our generation might pass through them"—I quote from memory

* Aglavaine and Sélysette. By Maurice Maeterlinck. Translated by Alfred Sutro. London : Grant Richards.

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—but he has carried his master's revolt farther than his master, and made his persons cries and shadows. We do not know in what country they were born, or in what period they were born, or how old they are, or what they look like, and we do not always know whether they are brother and sister, or lover and lover, or husband and wife. They go hither and thither by well-sides, and by crumbling towns, and among woods, which are repeated again and again, and are as unemphatic as a faded tapestry; and they speak with low voices which one has to hold one's breath to hear. The old movement was full of the pride of the world, and called to us through a brazen trumpet: and the persons of *Axël* were lifted above the pride of the world, of the pride of hidden and august destinies, the pride of the Magi following the star over many mountains; but their souls are naked, and can only tremble and lament. Until this last play they have not needed to do more, for they were created to prolong the sense of terror Shakespeare put into the line, "the bay trees in my country are all withered," the terror at we do not know what, mixed with a pity for we do not know what, that we come to in contemplation when all reasons, all hopes, all memories have passed away, and the Divine ecstasy has not found us.

M. Maeterlinck has, however, created the persons of Aglavaine and Sélysette with a partly different purpose, for he has found a philosophy in his search for the quintessence, the philosophy of his beautiful *Trésor des Humbles*, and he would have his persons speak out of its wisdom. It will make his plays more beautiful in time, for the serious fault of his best plays, even of *Les Aveugles* and *L'Intruse*, is that they have not the crowning glory of great plays, that continual raving about destiny that is, as it were, the raiment of beautiful emotions. Its immediate effect is mischievous, for Meleander and Aglavaine, his most prominent persons, continually say things which they would say differently or not at all if their creator were only thinking of them as persons in the play. The first act and part of the second act are a little absurd even, because Meleander and Aglavaine explain when they should desire and regret; and because their overmastering sense of certain spiritual realities has blinded them to lesser realities, to which natures of so high a wisdom could not have been blind; and because the art, which should be of a cold wisdom, has shared in their delusions and become a little sentimental. One is not indeed moved until the play begins to eddy about Melegrane, an old grandmother, Yesalene, a child, and Sélysette, a childlike woman, persons whose natures are so narrowed because of forgotten and unknown things, that M. Maeterlinck cannot speak through their lips, but must let them speak as their destinies would have them speak. They speak more movingly than the persons of *Les Aveugles* or *L'Intruse*, for though still shadows and cries, they have each, as the persons in Shakespeare have, her portion of wisdom, and all they say is beautiful with the pathos of little interests and extreme weakness. I do not think M. Maeterlinck has indeed written anything as beautiful as one thing that is said by old Melegrane to her granddaughter, Sélysette.

"So do I often think of those days, Sélysette. I was not ill, then, and I was able to carry you in my arms or run after you. . . . You wandered to and fro, and your laughter rang through the house; then suddenly you would fling open the door and shriek in terror, 'She is coming, she is coming, she is here!' And no one knew whom you meant, or what it was that frightened you; you did not know yourself; but I would pretend to be frightened too, and would go through the long corridors with you till we reached the garden. And it all went for so little, and served no purpose, my child; but we understood each other, you and I, and smiled at each other, night and morning. . . . And thus, thanks to you, have I been a mother a second time, long after my beauty had left me; and some day you will know that women never weary of motherhood, that they would cherish death itself, did it fall asleep on their knees."

W. B. Yeats.

THE SECRET ROSE.*

"Although I wrote these stories at different times and in different manners, and without any definite plan, they have but one subject, the war of spiritual with natural order," says Mr. Yeats. So, at the very outset, he points dull readers to their inner meaning. This is a pity, just because the allegory is so

* The Secret Rose. By W. B. Yeats. With Illustrations by J. B. Yeats. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $2.00.

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little obvious. One can think of the stories delighting yet giving no hint of a moral, for which the "different times," the "different manners," are to be thanked, and, most of all, Mr. Yeats's artistic sense. But as there is a well-founded prejudice against allegories, it should be insisted on, in any recommendation of these, that they bear excellently the test of all good symbolism—namely, that the qualities of its outer garment shall sufficiently justify its existence. The underlying truth is there, because it lies always at the base of Mr. Yeats's House of Life, and whenever he builds, of whatever stuff and pattern, he must build on that.

If the sap of your life be drained by spiritual and visionary demands, it is a poor chance you have of prospering, or even of living meritoriously in the world of common men. In a more arrogant form Villiers de l'Isle Adam puts the converse, and it is one of the mottoes of the book—"As for living, our servants will do that for us." There is the theme, then, the recognition of an allegiance to something other than the worldly and moral powers and principalities that ordain and rule and reward in accordance with the tried experience of men. "O Aoth, promise me to sing the song out before the morning, whether we overcome them or they overcome us," says the young Queen to the bard, amid the havoc of war and slaughter. The far vision was nearer than the horrors encompassing her body. She is of the kin of this people, this sparse and scattered people, "who have come but seldom into the world, and always for its trouble, and to bind the hearts of men with a leash of mystery; the dreamers who must do what they dream, the doers who must dream what they do." "Men of verse," says the wise King who had discovered his lonely greatness, "why did you make me sin against the secrecy of wisdom, for law was made by man for the welfare of man, but wisdom the gods have made, and no man shall live by its light, for it and the hail and the rain and the thunder follow a way that is deadly to mortal things." Then he set out to find his kindred.

It would be easy to classify the stories in accordance with their artistic merits, which are so various that one might reach with grumbling to a third-best section. But, save to mention that the moods are almost as varied as in *The Celtic Twilight*, a comparison between the stories or between them and their predecessors is not the most profitable work of a reviewer. Mr. Yeats's abundant humour is not wanting in the tales of Hanrahan the Red, and we find it softened to a gentle irony in "Out of the Rose," which might be a page out of *Don Quixote*, and in "The Heart of the Spring." That is no unexpected quality, though his reputation rests rather on his visionary suggestions. One has noted before, too, but the power of it is growing in him, the frequent association of spiritual truth with familiar circumstance. This is the sign of the effective poet, of the poet with vigour in his imaginings. The great secret was whispered to the old magician in "The Heart of the Spring," by "one who wore a red cap, and whose lips were white with the froth of the new milk."

To me the best tales are the six that tell the story of Hanrahan the Red. Hanrahan is a very distinct and special human being, a hedge-schoolmaster, a poet and a ne'er-do-well, too much himself to be just like any other hedge-schoolmaster, poet, or ne'er-do-well. But I doubt if ever the poet's history has been set forth with such proud truth before, without fear of the world for his shortcomings, without seeking its favour for this "ruler of the dreams of men." Hanrahan is very vain, and he loves notoriety; he is of evil repute, yet an excellent fellow withal in his convenient moods. He is drunken very often with the Brew of the Little Pot, and sometimes with dreams. He sells the Book of Wisdom for a pig, the pig for whiskey, and after being disgracefully intoxicated has a night of splendid ecstasy. The Powers "passed through his dreams crowned with rubies, and having roses in their hands; and in the morning he awoke, a rough-clad peasant, shivering on the earthen floor." This episode is followed by his making unscrupulous love—and being ignominiously defeated by her careful elders—to a young girl. He is the king of lovers, if constancy be not asked for. In truth, Cluna of the Wave, an immortal, sought him, but she was repulsed, for the earthly temper was on him then. A vagabond, with a "devil in the soles of his feet," a humorous rascal, who teaches English out of *The Lives of Celebrated Rogues*

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and Rapperees, he uses his school-children as mediums by which to widen the sound and the fame of his terrible satires, yet is he beloved of women young and old, and much dependent in his tamer moods on human shelter and sympathy. No one can curse more bitterly his enemies, yet while lamenting his own insults, as in the songs he made out of the grotesque story of "The Twisting of the Rope," his mind reaches beyond himself: "as he made them his dreams deepened and changed until he was singing about the twisting of the Rope of Human Sorrows." His last days were black misery pierced by visions of eternal beauty. But by degrees the body made fewer demands on him, and "it was as though he became incorporate with some more poignant and fragile world, whose march-lands are the intense colours and silences of this world." He died a sordid outcast, ministered to by a mad vagrant. When his body was found it was given a great burying. And so let us all be grateful for the limitation of our gifts that keeps us in safe paths. And, likewise, may all poets find some time an interpreter of such brave sympathy as this initiate of *The Secret Rose*.

The tales are clear and simple on the outside, as if for children's eyes, wise and beautiful on the inner side, with a dangerous wisdom and beauty; for their sweet and bitter secrets do not feed this world's strength. But they will only call fatally to a few. The rest of us, if we linger and wonder as at an entertainment, will then go our cheerful, prudent ways, with apologies to the world for an hour of idle, alien dreaming.

Annie Macdonell.

BRICHANTEAU: ACTOR.*

"I am a Bohemian, a free lance of art, but I have had my hour!—my hours!" These are the words of an optimistic failure, a type of actor which M. Sarcey shrewdly surmises is probably unknown to us in America. Certain it is that only a man of stout heart could talk habitually in this strain—when, with gaping holes in his gloves and no perceptible crease in his trousers, a back number, an old-fashioned boulevard actor, he very likely does not know where he will sleep the next night—without betraying either a wounded pride or an affected bravado. Vanity is common enough, but pride, carrying its banner to the last, never once admitting defeat, peopling many a dream with phantoms of glory, is as rare as it is exhilarating, and makes a prince, unworthy of this mercenary world, out of the starveling who wears it.

Brichanteau's life was keyed high from the beginning. His parents permitted him to go upon the stage only on condition that he would be a Talma. He first made up with his father's face as the *Vicaire de Wakefield*. He had a voice like a peal of thunder, like a howitzer. His instructor at the Conservatory was maliciously jealous: *hinc illæ lacrimæ!* After a bawling contest with M. Beauvallet, in which he did not win a single prize, there was friction, and, unwilling to be shunted off from tragedy to comedy, he swore he would never again set foot in that hole. He went upon the road—even sought the bread of renown in foreign lands. He was imprudent. But he had his hours.

He gravitated from the rôle of Louis XI., which he essayed one night at Compiègne "without preparation," when M. Talbot refused to act because the Comédie Française costumes had not arrived, to a starter of bicycle races, standing erect in his pride every inch of the way. He held the world a stage, where every man must play a part, and his no sad one. When he wished to crush a dramatic critic, he assumed the pose of Don César staring Don Salluste out of countenance. When his voice wore out poor Jenny's lungs and she must needs choose between life and her place as *jeune première*, taking her in his arms and kissing her forehead, he plunged instinctively into that tearful scene from *Le Cid*, she giving him his cues. It required a Frenchman from Buenos Ayres, who proclaimed his intention of defying the Germans in the costume of D'Artagnan, to fire Brichanteau's patriotism; and when himself caught spying upon their fortifications, he acted the Norman peasant—"That's the good God's true truth!" he said—supremely glad of an opportunity to

* Brichanteau: Actor. By Jules Claretie. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $1.50.

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show those swashbucklers what a dramatic artist's soul really was. In the face of a threatened shooting, his first thought was of the Porte Saint Martin, the Gaiété, the Châtelet, and the Comédie Française, where he ought to have been engaged. As to dungeons, he knew all about them—he had played Buridan and Latude. While he was in the clutches of the enemy, his easily inflammable brain conceived the idea of kidnapping the King of Prussia; for did not D'Artagnan, with his three friends, Athos, Porthos, and Aramis, all but rescue the King of England? When the siege was raised, he rushed to his lodgings and opened his Corneille. That comforted him. It is small wonder that he sometimes spoke of the bicycle race as a rehearsal, and, when he had given the signal in that grand voice which M. Beauvallet envied, imagined with closed eyes that it was the signal for a duel rather, and listened breathlessly for the clash of swords and the roar of applause.

But had Brichanteau no humiliations, no vices, no colossal bump of personal vanity, to make him an object of pity? Ah, yes, an elegant sufficiency of them all. Was he not pelted with green apples at Lille, and lampooned at Compiègne? When the gas threatened to fail them in Pau, did not the manager order him to gain time by undressing on the stage while, with his back to the audience, he cut down a large cedar, a button with each blow? Was there not the woman that wrote comedies in her leisure and had engaged apartments opposite the house where Bernadotte was born—who asked him for his photograph, that, forsooth, her husband, who had killed his eleventh tiger, might have a fetich and come with a devilish, vitreous stare to pay his respects? And was it not a great disappointment to learn that Virginie, for whom, in her distress, he was trying desperately hard to arrange a benefit—Virginie, who long ago had sworn by her father's head that she loved but one being in this world, him—really had not gone to the dentist's those long afternoons when they were parted, but to M. Lanteclave, who was now only too glad to contribute his pension to the receipts of the performance? Yes, that last little rosy dream was a soap-bubble like the rest. But he had the brave discretion to be quiet respecting these matters. There were other things to talk about, cheerfuller things. There was the wreath that he had carried in his trunk, the presentation of which on his tours had always deeply moved him. Then, there was "The Roman Soldier Humiliated Under the Gallic Yoke," for which he had posed to Montescure. How he lingered over the molten bronze, saying to himself: "That blazing stream is perhaps your forehead; those bursts of flame are from your eyes!" And how willingly he used to carry, in a basket or in his pockets, the coke that warmed the miserable little studio! To the artist's despairing question, "How can I pay you for your sittings?" he had replied (and he recalled it with pride), "Was it not understood that this was not to be spoken of between us?"

It is probable that if a noble-hearted Brichanteau should appear on upper Broadway, he would be eyed with the same sullen suspicion with which honest bourgeois, on both sides of the Atlantic, regard other theatrical folk. Truth would compel a great many people to remark that no turkey-cock ever gave itself such airs. And yet, whether an actor or a model or a velodromist, Brichanteau's devotion to art was the same. As M. Sarcey says, there are very few such optimistic failures in America. The majority cease to be interesting when they cease to be of public interest. They are down in spirit when they are down at the heel. Being a good fellow with them means hanging around the bar and treating everybody within sight, or ostentatiously giving the dollar which they owe to their landlady to a beggar. They are inveterate gossips, but their gossip is keyed considerably lower than Brichanteau's. Art, which in all probability has never seriously affected them, is not a source of enduring delight to those who mistrust their own sprightliness if their trousers bag at the knees. They are in bondage, generally, to no fine distinctions. They would consent to appear at a café concert for considerably less than "an empire," and would infinitely prefer the doldrumiest vaudeville to starting bicycles. As to passing whole nights on a little balcony, repeating Shakespeare, with New York at their feet . . . !

George Merriam Hyde.

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THE STORY OF THE WEST.*

Three books of uncommon interest have lately come from the press. The first volumes of a series known as the Story of the West, they are intended, in the words of the editor, "to present peculiar and characteristic phases of earlier development in that portion of our country which lies beyond the Missouri River." In other words, they are to tell, in popular form, the story of those typical figures—the Indian, the miner, the cowboy, the soldier, the trapper, and the railroad builder—which have made the West what it is to-day. Mr. Grinnell—one of the foremost living authorities on Indian life—tells, in the first volume, *The Story of the Indian*, and he does it extremely well. The Indian has always been a picturesque and romantic figure in our history; hence he has fallen an easy prey to unveracious authors, who are responsible for many popular misconceptions as to his character and habits. Mr. Grinnell sweeps these aside and shows us the Red man as he really is—not a grave, taciturn, and sullen man, but a man like ourselves, fond of society, gossipy, a great talker, with a keen sense of humour and quick at repartee. The popular notion that his women are little better than slaves, that they are merely beasts of burden, is corrected by Mr. Grinnell, who asserts that the labours of savage life are equally divided. In short, the writer takes us with him into the wigwam and council, and shows us how the Indian woos and fights, how he hunts and prays, how he eats and sleeps, and how he amuses himself. *The Story of the Indian* is full of human interest, and contains more imformation about the Indian, set forth in readable form, than any book we have seen on the subject.

The second volume of the series is written by Charles Howard Shinn, who relates *The Story of the Mine*, as illustrated by the great Comstock Lode of Nevada. Mr. Shinn has a thorough grasp of his subject, and describes, from the point of view of an eye witness, the thrilling and romantic discovery of the world-famous Comstock Lode. In vivid and picturesque language, bristling with characteristic anecdotes, he paints the mad rush across the Sierras, old times in Virginia City, days of the great bonanza, the dramatic rise to vast wealth of the great bonanza kings; and he winds up his stirring narrative with a description of the Comstock as it is to-day—a brilliant and fascinating account of one of the most colossal enterprises of the century.

Mr. Shinn, by the way, relates an anecdote anent Mark Twain:

"The *Territorial Enterprise*, the pioneer newspaper of the region, had five men on the editorial staff and twenty-two compositors. Five hundred dollars a month was the salary of the managing editor. Mark Twain and Dan Quille were reporters. About this time Tom Fitch, of the *Union*, challenged Joe Goodman, of the *Enterprise*, to a duel in Six-Mile Cañon. Mark Twain recorded his disappointment in the next issue: 'Young Wilson and ourselves at once mounted a couple of fast horses and followed in their wake at the rate of a mile a minute; since when, being neither iron-clad nor half-soled, we enjoy more real comfort in standing up than in sitting down. But we lost our bloody item, for Marshal Perry arrived early with a detachment of constables, and Deputy Sheriff Blodgett came with a lot of blarsted subsheriffs, and these miserable, meddling whelps arrested the whole party and marched them back to town.'"

But the palmy days of the Comstock have vanished, and the dominant note of the scene to-day is one of wreck, abandonment, and decay. Pathetic is the description of the optimistic spirit which still pervades the almost deserted camp:

"The catastrophe . . . does not attract serious attention. One is told elsewhere that 'times are dull on the Comstock.' One hears on the Comstock itself that 'after a little things will pick up;' that there is plenty of good rock down in the mines. . . . Nor is this merely the despairing cry of unacknowledged defeat. . . . It is neither more nor less in its higher manifestations than the sublime spirit of patriotism, defending to the last the lonely mountain fortress of the miner State of the Comstock."

Mr. Shinn is to be congratulated on the admirable way in which he has handled his theme. His volume abounds in just the sort of information one wants to know, and it reads like romance. Few who pick it up will lay it aside before finishing it.

Among the swiftly vanishing heroic figures whose iron nerve and indomitable

* The Story of the Indian. By George Bird Grinnell.
The Story of the Mine. By Charles Howard Shinn.
The Story of the Cowboy. By E. Hough.
Story of the West Series. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $1.50 per volume.

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energy have subdued to our uses the most splendid domain the world has ever seen—that of the cowboy, will, through the coming years, probably stand out with most distinctness. Mr. Hough, in a volume just come from the press, takes up this unique figure, and out of his thorough and intimate acquaintance with the subject spins *The Story of the Cowboy*—a story, it is needless to say, of surpassing interest. Mr. Hough does not endow the cowboy, as some writers have too often done, with superhuman powers, nor depict him as a devil-may-care, roistering fellow, "full of strange oaths." He paints him as he really is—a "steady, hard-working, methodical man, able in his calling, faithful in his duties, and prompt in their fulfilment." The cowboy's outfit, his horse, the stirring scenes of the "round-up," branding, the "rustler," society in the cow country—in fact, everything pertaining to the cowboy and his manner of life is fully and picturesquely set forth by Mr. Hough. His description of "broncho busting"—the breaking-in of wild range horses—is wonderfully vivid, and I wish I could quote the whole of it. I must content myself, however, with a very brief excerpt. The cowboy has just succeeded in mounting the broncho, when

"down goes the pony's head and into the air he goes in a wild, serio-comic series of spectacular stiff-legged antics. His nose between his knees, he bounds from the ground with all four feet, and comes down again with all legs set and braced. . . . He 'pitches a-plungin'"—that is, jumping forward as he bucks . . . or he may stand his ground and pitch. He may go up and down, fore and aft, in turn . . . or he may spring clear up into the air and come down headed in the direction opposite to that he originally occupied, or he may pitch 'fence-cornered,' or in a zigzag line . . . bounding like a great ball from corner to corner of his rail-fence course of flight. . . . The pony soon exhausts himself in his rage. . . . At last he begins to realise that he is a captive. . . . The cow-puncher urges him gently with his knees, talking to him softly. 'Come, bronch,' he says. 'It's 'bout dinner time. Let's go back to the ranch.' And the broncho . . . turns and goes back to the ranch, his head hanging down."

Mr. Hough has given us a remarkably entertaining book, and all who have lived in the West and are familiar with life on the "range" cannot fail to recognise the fidelity to truth of his narrative.

In the limited space at their command —for it would require an *Iliad* to tell the whole story of the West—these writers have performed their tasks with great care and skill; and if the forthcoming volumes are as interesting as those already published, the series ought to be in every way successful. The value of the volumes are enhanced by being provided with indices and numerous illustrations—which are excellent—drawn from life.

A. E. Keet.

A SURVEY OF GREEK CIVILISATION.*

Professor Mahaffy has done such good work and has such a pleasant pen that his publication of the present volume is to be regretted. In the first place, judging from internal evidence, it is not strictly a book at all, but a reprint of certain lectures delivered in America, and when we read that "to start from the knowledge and love of God as a great first principle and pass from it into the broadest and most various survey of human knowledge" is not only "the true method of general education," but may also "be called the Chautauqua idea," the only explanation of so strange a statement seems to be that the lecturer is desirous of propitiating a "Chautauquan" audience. In the second place, the title of the book is a misnomer, for about the civilisation of the Greeks—about their farms and houses, their industries and commerce, their social and civil institutions—there is hardly anything said, and the book really deals only with Greek art and literature—that is, with much the same matter as the writer has discussed in previous volumes, to which in consequence he makes frequent reference, in one instance quoting from them no less than fifteen consecutive pages.

As lectures, Professor Mahaffy's remarks must have been very bright and interesting to listen to, and he is often really instructive, but, on the whole, when read in the study, what he has to say seems somewhat thin and unsubstantial, while little tricks of style, such as "I gladly repeat in this place an ode translated for me by Robert Browning," by which a lecturer gives personal inter-

* A Survey of Greek Civilisation. By J. P. Mahaffy. Meadville, Pa.: Flood & Vincent. $1.00.

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est to his words, somehow fall flat in print, and might have been removed. Showy phrases, too, which when spoken give a certain pleasant shock of surprise, appear less satisfactory when considered calmly, and probably few readers will think that they know Pindar, Plato, and Horace better by seeing them described as "the Gray of Greek Poetry," "the Attic Moses," and "the Roman Tom Moore." Above all, however, the fatal temptation to be attractive which besets a lecturer is most strikingly exhibited in the number of startling paradoxes with which these pages are filled. "The Spartans," we are told, "had better food, better climate, and hence more luxury than their neighbours;" "the pastoral charms of Arcadia" are "a fable;" the "so-called tyrants" were "materially speaking the benefactors of Hellenedom" and the protectors "of many a humble home" from "aristocratic outrages;" the Bœotians were no more stupid than "the ass and the goose, which are among the most intelligent of domesticated creatures;" Marathon was "an unimportant skirmish;" Thucydides has no deep meaning, but in his "contorted and obscure periods . . . the same idea, often in itself obvious enough, is taken up and tossed about like a shuttlecock between the battledores of antithesis;" Demosthenes is "overrated as a politician," and cannot be called "a gentleman;" of Brutus finally, whose name is almost synonymous with inflexible philosophy and patriotism, it is recorded that "there has seldom been a worse criminal."

It is not necessary to discuss these amusing platform paradoxes, all of which contain—as a good paradox must—a certain interesting element of truth, but there is one statement of Professor Mahaffy's which is so positively stupendous that it deserves special note. On page 182 this sentence occurs:

"The most perfect master of prose as prose had arisen, the master whom our Milton in vain attempted to rival in his ponderous and clumsy Areopagitica."

The "perfect master" is Isocrates, and of Isocrates it may fairly be said that he never wrote a sentence which deserves to be remembered, and that no one can read six pages of him without yawning. He has had an immense reputation, because he was the first to examine and apply the rules for building up an artistic period in prose. His clauses balance one another with perfect accuracy; no final vowel in one word runs rudely into an initial vowel in the next; each concluding cadence has its proper measure of adjusted syllables. In the history of the evolution of prose style he has a distinguished place, for students of rhetoric he has even still some value, but of the splendid genius which illuminates the writings of Milton he has not a spark. In technical excellence he may be compared with Milton, who, however, in numberless passages wholly excels him, but in no other way can any comparison be drawn between the two. Of that quickening spirit, which alone can make even rhythmic sentences worth reading, in Isocrates there is none, while Milton's periods live and breathe with heaven-sent inspiration, immortal "as that soul was whose progeny they are." But why add more? The words I quote recall to every reader that famous passage on "books" which is without a rival in all literature, both for the nobility of its thought and for the majestic splendour of its language. There is no need to print it, for it has stamped itself on the memory of every man who loves either liberty or literature, and to speak of it as "ponderous and clumsy" is not merely a paradox, but a crime.

T. E. P.

PETER THE GREAT.*

There is something in Waliszewski's analysis of Peter's character that suggests the modern novel. This would be enough to condemn the book in the opinion of at least one American historical scholar, who said with great emphasis that the reading of fiction was a bad thing for a historian because it "dissipated the mind." This latter view, however, is not likely to carry much weight. It makes truth a mere matter of blue books and state papers, exalts the copyist of records above genius and confounds the historian with the fact-gatherer. Those who hold it might perhaps take refuge in the phrase "historical imagination," urging that it is this power combined with ability as an investigator that enables a man to reproduce a historical character to the

* Peter the Great. By K. Waliszewski. Translated from the French by Lady Mary Loyd. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $2.00.

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life. But wherein does the historical imagination differ from any other kind? The historian constructs his picture from limited materials, while the novelist has the whole world present as well as past to choose from for his; but the power of construction is the same in each, and the one is as much an artist as the other.

At all events, any amount of the training that schools of political science afford would not have enabled the author of the present volume on Peter the Great to have done what he has. Whether or not history is a science, the writing of it is an art and must be judged as literature, not as laboratory material. Judged from this point of view, M. Waliszewski's Peter is a fine bit of realism. The description is so very realistic in fact as to be almost painful. The reader gets somewhat too near a view of this dirty, perspiring, Russian giant, with his twitching head and contorted features, his darned stockings and cobbled shoes, and his perpetual reek of brandy and vodka. For the Peter of this volume is not an attractive character; and if, as the author states, he sums up in himself the attributes of his people, it is a severe indictment to bring against a nation. He is a brutal savage, without human affections or moral sense, subject to fits of uncontrollable rage, obscene and cruel. He has a trick of losing his temper at trifles and thrusting about with his sword, of insulting women, beating his friends, and slapping the faces of foreign ambassadors. He kills a servant with his own hand for some slight negligence. He and some of his officers run amuck in a monastery and murder several of its inmates for using the word "schismatics." He complains because a German prince in a town he is visiting will not break some one on the wheel so that he can see how the machine works. "What a fuss about the life of a man! Why not take a member of his own suite?" He has a morbid interest in surgical operations and dissecting-rooms, dabbles in surgery of the simpler sort himself, pulls any number of teeth (often sound ones) and taps a woman for dropsy. In the last case, however, he has the grace to attend the funeral. In his lighter moments he drinks huge bumpers of brandy, fraternises with scullions, falls in love with servant girls, and plays practical jokes of the kind that leave scars for life. Wherever he goes he surrounds himself with an atmosphere of bestiality and bad smells.

If this were all—and it is to these matters that the reviewers have given their chief attention—the author would have to be set down as a Zola in history, merely one of the shrewd delineators of the disgusting. But along with this clear perception of the unpleasant side of Peter's life, he gives you an equally strong impression of his greatness. The task that Peter had before him would have been impossible to a man of finer fibre. Without coarseness, callousness, and a brutal egotism he would have sickened of it before it was half done—for a whole race had to be kicked and beaten into submission before reforms were possible.

"This entire absence of scruple, this disdain for the usual rules of conduct and scorn of propriety were accompanied by a very deep feeling, and absolute respect for law, for duty and for discipline. Why and how did this come to pass? Doubtless because in this case we have something beyond a mere unthinking negation of the indispensable foundations of any social edifice; in spite of a large amount of caprice and whimsicality, which gave birth to many inconsistencies, a more worthy motive did exist in Peter's mind. He had undertaken to reform the existence of a whole people, whose scruples and prejudices make up a good half of their religion and morality. He regarded these, with a good deal of correctness, as the principal obstacle to any progress, and, therefore, very logically, he never lost an opportunity of warring against them. . . . Peter felt himself called to clear the national conscience of the dross left by centuries of barbarous ignorance. But he was too impetuous, too rough and coarse, and above all too passionately eager, to perform this work with real discernment. He hit out wildly in all directions. Thus even while he corrected, he depraved. The mighty teacher was one of the greatest demoralisers of the human species. Modern Russia, which owes him all its greatness, owes him most of its vices also."

This is a hard saying to those who insist on finding virtue triumphant in the pages of history. Not to imply that the author denies Peter all virtues. He had some amiable qualities, but they had little to do with his success. This was a product of genius and brute force. Not long ago, when one of our leading publicists ventured to say that a people had no moral right to savagery, that the higher civilisation was in duty bound to impose itself upon the lower, and that dominion belonged to those who were fit to exercise it, he was damned as a preacher of spoliation, of the doctrine

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that might makes right. Peter's success must seem strange to these critics. It was as complete as the methods by which it was achieved were revolting; and the great author of it all lived his life out in the happy assurance that his work was good and would endure. It is a strange story, with a plot like some of Balzac's novels, in which the wrong people get all the good things. It is a very hard tale to fit a moral to.

But in the telling the author shows unusual skill. He is always interesting—a fact due in part, no doubt, to the liberal sprinkling of anecdotes. Perhaps he has been too liberal in this respect and included some with too little scrutiny of their trustworthiness. Critics of the microscopic kind have already picked him up in regard to several of them, as, for instance, whether or not the Czar was really scared in the presence of the Emperor Leopold; whether Sophia, Peter's sister, wrote any plays, and so on, in the style of a recent review of a volume on American history in which the critic gives half his space to discussing the question whether one of the springs at Saratoga was surrounded by barrel staves at the time of Washington's journey into the interior of New York. It is doubtful, however, whether this faculty for minute criticism can coexist with a power to appreciate an historical work as a whole—whether it is not like a hen's sharp eye for little bugs and seeds, coupled with her general indifference to the landscape. Nor is testimony to the general accuracy of Waliszewski's statements lacking. Certainly he bestowed enough pains on the verification of comparatively unimportant data, as in the case of Peter's visit to Zaandam, citing authorities freely in support of his view. In fact, he is quite conscientious enough in minor details, and further quibbling about them would be tiresome.

It is a more serious question whether his Polish sympathies do not betray him into an occasional error of historical interpretation, as when he speaks of the provinces which the leadership of Poland "had carried over five centuries before to European civilisation." And again it is at least doubtful if he has not exaggerated the magnitude of Peter's work in attributing all of Russia's greatness to it. Did not Russia in fact lose something by being brought too early into European politics? The author freely admits the moral drawbacks of Peter's reforms. He admits, too, from the political point of view that "the sudden introduction of a foreign form of government may have prevented the organisation thus imposed on the country from harmonising with the natural tendencies and aspirations of the nation." But he holds these tendencies and aspirations of comparatively small account. The "seeds of original culture" were destroyed, not by Peter, but by the Tartar domination. He quotes with sympathy the Latin epitaph:

"Let the ancient heroes hold their peace; let Alexander and Cæsar bow before him. Victory was easy to men who led heroes and commanded invincible troops; but he, who never rested till his death, had subjects who were not men, greedy of glory, skilful in the arts of war, and fearless of death, but brutes scarce worthy of the name of man. He made them civilised beings, though they had been like the bears of their own country, and though they refused to be taught and governed by him."

Frank Moore Colby.

GEORGE MACDONALD'S NEW NOVEL.*

Long ago Dr. Macdonald established his claim to rank as an artist, and in now considering any work of his, the judicious critic will turn his attention rather backward than forward, since that which is to-day chiefly important for the student of this author is an understanding of the broad general principles upon which all his work is based; after which we may consider the value of the present book in relation to all that has gone before.

There is, after all, something real and sincere beneath the various phases of our *fin-de-siècle* literature—its mysticism, its realism, even its decadence—a struggle of the *Welt-Seele* to express that of which it has gained a dim perception—that naked Truth is not less modest than were Adam and Eve within their garden; that to us, who are men, nothing human can be uninteresting; that the present relation of the sexes is far from the ideal, and in need of readjustment. Nevertheless, it has oftentimes seemed to the present writer that the final word regarding the decadent novel, the novel

* Salted with Fire: The Story of a Minister. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.

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of realism as regards the passion of love, has not yet been spoken. It is, moreover, a difficult word to utter, with due regard to the very principle involved, and likewise to the fact that the matter has never received, perhaps from the nature of things never can receive, the exhaustive scientific treatment which alone entitles one to speak with authority. Nevertheless, science has already gone far enough to allow us to assert that a certain section of the brain, to which this literature of a single passion more particularly appeals, is one which author or reader will allow to be overexcited at his own proper peril. For, as we have already seen in the work of many, who at the beginning were without doubt entitled to rank as sane men and also as artists—our subject forbids any citing of names—the apparent result is a loss of the sense of proportion, so that the question of sexual relation becomes more and more the one absorbing topic. With any other consequences, whether ethical or psychopathological, we have naturally, at this moment, nothing to do ; our only point of inquiry is whether art which permits itself this sort of realism can remain, for any length of time, either sane or authentic ?

The subject of Dr. Macdonald's present work is one which, in the hands of some writers whose works are by no means yet banished from the popular magazine or the table of the family sitting-room, would have proved very possibly deleterious to the family morals. By our present author it is treated with a dispassionate freedom of analysis, which, while it may remind some readers rather of the surgeon's scalpel than of the chisel of the artist, is assuredly in accordance with the principle which we have endeavoured to establish. James Blatherwick, a young student of divinity, having, in a moment of weakness, wronged a girl with whom he has been thrown (through the fault of a social system fundamentally unsound) into very intimate daily relations, attempts to conceal his sin by ignoring it, thereby throwing all the consequences of the same upon the weaker vessel, whose sex, as well as her spirit, forbids her to follow the same selfish policy. Through no influence save that of " Don Worm," his conscience, the man is brought to repentance, gives up his pulpit, confessing his sin, and marries his victim, whom, until that moment, we are inclined to consider as far too good for him ; but our author provides for his spiritual growth, and we attain to a real interest in him before the story closes. This is all that can be called plot ; but the phenomena of what is called " conversion" are very carefully worked out, and in the case of the " soutar," or shoemaker, MacLear, one of those superspiritual characters whom Dr. Macdonald delights in drawing, certain psychological processes are laid open in which some of us will find it difficult to believe. But with this difficulty on the part of his readers Dr. Macdonald has had always to reckon ; it is, however, a tribute to the reality of what he has striven to incarnate in his life work, that while in the present volume the art is less finished, his vision of the eternal verities is perhaps yet clearer than when his strength was in its prime. The essential of art which seeks to present ethical or religious truth is that the truth should be perfectly incarnated, leaving no residuum to be administered in the form of homily. The neglect of this precept by writers who feel that what they have to teach far outweighs in importance any consideration of literary merit, explains the genesis of the Sunday-school story. With its due observance we cannot properly consider even the dryest and most abstruse theological proposition as an improper subject for the art of the novelist, though it may, very possibly, be so destitute of life-blood as to be an impossible subject for such incarnation. And yet, in carefully recalling our author's various writings, we fail to convince ourselves that the principle here enunciated has ever met with his formal acceptance ; that he has ever distinctly told himself that as life in the actual world must embody religion, so, in the world of art, characterisation and the story must incarnate doctrine.

However, in the greatest of his writings instinct has served Dr. Macdonald as well as theory ; and in this matter of incarnation, *Sir Gibbie Malcolm* and its compeers leave little to be desired. Even the soliloquies of Donal Grant and the sermons of Thomas Wingfold may be defended as tending to elucidate the characters of their eponymous heroes ; while the fairy-tales, whether for children or older people, contain absolutely no residuum of homily—that is to say, of artistic self-consciousness, while in

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many respects autobiographic ; and they should, therefore, upon this principle of criticism rank as the very best work that our author has produced.

August Max.

TALES BY AN OLD CATTLEMAN.*

Under the name of "Dan Quin" Mr. Alfred Henry Lewis has been known for some years to readers of Western papers as the author of many humorous and entertaining stories of life on the plains. These stories have now been gathered together and printed in book form with a score of illustrations by Mr. Frederic Remington. The pictures will undoubtedly serve to commend *Wolfville* to that large part of the reading public which cherishes a fondness for the literature of the plains. But once introduced, the letter-press will tell its own stories, and it will be found that the utterances of the philosophic old cattleman will need no further bush. I believe that this is Mr. Lewis's first appearance between covers, although he has been for several years a writer not only of humorous stories, but of political essays as well.

Mr. Lewis has one peculiarity which I commend with all due respect to our brothers and sisters in letters. He seldom writes on any subject with which he is not familiar. He understands national politics and the men who find themselves bedfellows in that great game, and he writes of them in a manner that betrays the keenest sort of insight and a broad knowledge of American statesmanship of the past and present. I have long regarded him as the one man in this country who possessed the art of making American politics interesting.

He knows the plains as well as he knows Washington, and in *Wolfville* he gives us the cream of many years' experience in the Far West and Southwest. All that he has to say comes from the lips of a typical old cattleman, whose face, with its mingled shrewdness, determination, and straightforward kindliness, Mr. Remington has admirably portrayed in a frontispiece. The stories that he has to tell are of the inhabitants of that tough living, quick dying, hard drinking, high playing Southwestern town of Wolfville. He deals with such folks as Tucson Jennie, Cherokee Hall, Faro Nell, Doc Peets, and others calculated to awaken memories of Bret Harte. But the characters are not those of Bret Harte, nor is the book in any way an imitation of the half dozen idealised mining stories that made the California story-teller's fame a quarter of a century ago. Mr. Lewis has not fallen into that too common error of monkey-like imitation. He knows the life and characters that he describes, and he tells his stories in his own way.

There are two dozen of these tales in *Wolfville*, and I find it no easy matter to say of any one of them that it is the best. The first of them is called "Wolfville's First Funeral," and it tells of the burying of one Jack King, who is, according to the narrator,

> "corpse eemergin' outen a game of poker as sech. Which prior tharto, Jack's been peevish, an' pesterin' an' pervadin' 'round for several days. The camp stands a heap o' trouble with him an' tries to smooth it along by givin' him his whiskey an' his way about as he wants 'em hopin' for a change. But man is only human, an' when Jack starts in one night to make a flush beat a tray full for seven hundred dollars, he asks too much."

It is the first chance that the town has had for a funeral of its own, and the citizens resolve to take the best possible advantage of it. Doc Peets, a gentleman in whose higher culture and sound horse sense the town has unlimited faith, is appointed to "deal the game," and instantly gives orders to have the grave dug at least one mile from the camp, saying :

> "In order to make a funeral a success you needs distance. That's where deceased gets action. It gives the procession a chance to spread an' show up. You can't make no funeral imposin' unless you're plumb liberal on distances."

Doc Peets preaches the funeral discourse, referring to the departed as

> "a very headstrong person, who persists yesterday in entertainin' views touchin' a club flush, queen at the head, which results in life everlastin'."

At the conclusion of his remarks

> "the little girl from Flagstaff cl'ars her valves with a drink, an' gives 'The Dyin' Ranger ;' an' when the entire congregation draws kyards on the last verse it does everybody good."

* Wolfville. By Dan Quin. New York : F. A. Stokes Co. $1.50.

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The grave is marked with a headboard bearing this epitaph :

"Jack King. Life ain't in holding a good hand, but in playing a poor hand well."

Another story, called "Tucson Jennie's Heart," affords the cattleman a chance to moralise as follows :

"You've got to ketch folks young to marry 'em. After they gets to be thirty years they goes slowly to the altar. If you aims to marry a gent after he's thirty you has to blindfold him an' back him in. Females, of course, ain't so obdurate."

Tucson Jennie comes to the local restaurant under contract to its proprietor to fry flapjacks, and proves such an attraction that Mr. Jim Baxter sets out in dead earnest to win her. The camp takes an interest in the affair, and finally decides to bring matters to a head by pretending to shoot Baxter in order to force the coy maiden's hand and make her show her real feelings. It is arranged also to give a touch of reality to the scheme by pretending to lynch Dave Tutt, the murderer. The game is well carried out, and although Baxter is laid out in such a way that Jennie can "swarm in at him" and embrace him, that young woman upsets all previous calculations by rushing into the Red Light saloon, where the vigilance committee is in session, and falling upon the neck of Dave Tutt.

"'You-alls should have asked me,' says Faro Nell, who comes in right then an' rounds up close to Cherokee. 'I could tell you two weeks ago Jennie's in love with Tutt. Anybody could see it. Why she's been feedin' of him twice as good grub as she does anybody else.'"

James L. Ford.

THE CONFESSIONS OF A COLLECTOR *

Why is it that Mr. Hazlitt fails to enlist our sympathies? How is it that his self-assertions and self-justifications arouse in others a conviction that his detractors have not been altogether in the wrong? Is it that Mr. Hazlitt is not able to state his case with judicial simplicity? Or is it that he lacks the saving sense of humour? We fear that we must lay on him the negative qualities which both these alternatives imply. And yet here is a book brightly written, crammed full of interesting information, detailing a series of experiences which come to but few men. More than half of it, dealing as it does with rare books, is certain to be read by book lovers and book collectors with keen appreciation. His relations with Mr. Huth, Mr. Ellis the bookseller, Mr. Quaritch, and the "knowing ones" of the auction-room and "the trade," have a side to them which, apart from the objectionable personal one Mr. Hazlitt always emphaiszes, have an educating value.

We confess to a feeling of envy in reading of the many bargains Mr. Hazlitt made, and of the many occasions on which he was able to profit by an experience and knowledge which included more than was in the ken of the great rulers of the "book mart." Mr. Jeffreys, of Bristol, sold him a copy of Caxton's *Golden Legend* for £85, which Mr. B. M. Pickering took away for £150. From Mr. John Pearson he bought two folio volumes of "old newspapers" for twelve guineas, a portion of which he retailed to Mr. Miller for £42, and the residue, "a collection of penny *Garlands*, went to the British Museum." A manuscript bought by Mr. Ellis at the Corser sale for £70, was "sold by him to me for £105, and by me to Cosens for £157 10*s*., fell to me at £24. It has found its probably final resting-place in the Bodleian." "But the most signal acquisition on my part was the series of the Somers Tracts in thirty folio volumes . . . I forget what I left with the auctioneers; but the price at which the hammer fell was £61. A single item was worth double that sum; and there were hundreds and hundreds."

Is not this a sufficient excuse for our envy? What book collector *could* read this without dissolving in tears? Happy Mr. Hazlitt! And yet—and yet—why all these pages of triumphant complacency? We have a faint suspicion that now Mr. Hazlitt is revenging himself on those "professional gentlemen" who scorned and gibed at the "amateur."

We can pardon Mr. Hazlitt's fairly numerous references to his many literary achievements, even though they have nothing to do with "collecting;" but his jaundiced criticisms of Mr.

* The Confessions of a Collector. By W. Carew Hazlitt. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $2.00.

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Locker's *Confidences*, Mr. Locker's Rowfant Library, and Mr. Daniel's books are not in the finest taste. It seems, also, now almost impossible for Mr. Hazlitt to write at all without a gingerly sniff at Canon Ainger. These are blemishes which somewhat mar what is, otherwise, a very readable narrative of "booky" and other experiences. Did he but allow himself to bask, for a while, in the sunny light of humour, we are convinced that Mr. Hazlitt would yet achieve distinction.

Temple Scott.

NOVEL NOTES.

IN SIMPKINSVILLE. By Ruth McEnery Stuart. New York: Harper & Bros. $1.25.

The publishers' slip accompanying this volume, which is "intended as an aid" rather than an obfuscation "to editors," states that "the strong feature" of Mrs. Stuart's writing is dialect. This ought to mean, if anything, that Mrs. Stuart not only finds dialect a convenient vehicle for her characterisation, but that the latter has its point and validity in the former. This we deny. Her strength lies in her truthful and kindly discernment of the foibles and inconsistencies of human nature and in her shrewd perception of the picturesque possibilities of details which have been generally overlooked. We live in the hope that she will some day fling dialect to the winds and fearlessly construct enough stories of unobscured humour and pathos to disprove the theory of her dependence on anything but literary skill and a vivid sense of neighbourhood to produce her effects.

The "strong feature" of her work appears nowhere more obviously than in the story entitled "Weeds." Elijah Tomkins had promised his dying wife to lay a rosebud on her grave every day—a sufficiently hackneyed situation. In the performance of this vow he would sometimes sit under a weeping-willow with the widow Christian, who atoned for her past severity with her husband's one failing by arranging bottles about the bed of pansies on his grave.

"There be 'weeping-willows' that truly weep, while some, with all the outward semblance of sorrow, do seem only to whine and whimper, so sparse and attenuated are their dripping fringes—fringes capable even of flippancy if the wind be of a flirtatious mind."

It is needless to say that a deep mutual respect ensued. The widow consoled Elijah by alluding to the "big freeze" prophesied for the coming winter. "An' ef buds give out, ez they're more'n likely to," she said, "it won't be your fault." What was even more encouraging was the widow's discovery that one of her pansies opened with a "sassy little pink face" and "quizzical eyebrows." From this moment a significance attached to Elijah's neighbourliness in going into the widow's lot to "give way." They soon reached the "Good-bye" stage, and the tale closes with Elijah extracting infinite comfort from a rusty hairpin. By way of postscript, the writer wishes to say that "the report which went abroad at the time of their marriage, some months later, to the effect that they had begun their courting in the graveyard, is utterly without foundation." Is anything more *cute?* Again, the sequel of "The Dividing Fence" is implicit in Widow Carroll's remark: "If he [Elder Billins] jest wouldn't slit his boots over his bunions! . . . . An' then, somehow, I don't know ez I care for a prayer-meetin' voice for all purposes." How many times Deacon Hatfield and Miss Euphemia Twiggs had changed hymn-books was satisfactorily answered by the Simpkinsville gossips when they said: "Th' ain't no fun in havin' your whole livelong life overshaddered by a man with no earthly intentions." The sad story of May Day's infatuation for a bigamous land-agent is epitomised in these words:

"A red-cheeked peach thet don't know nothin' but the dew and the sun, and to grow sweet and purty—it goes wrong when it's wrenched off the stem and et by a hog. That's one way o' goin' wrong."

"The Unlived Life of Little Mary Ellen" is startlingly original in conception. Here, as elsewhere, Mrs. Stuart wavers formally between a sketch and a short story, the result being a composite structure with a disproportionately spacious vestibule. Her village loafers are considerably more than gentlemen, and possess an imagination that is truly wonderful.

BOLANYO. By Opie Read. Chicago: Way & Williams. $1.25.

Whether Mr. Read has stuffed this story "like a sausage with his own garrulity," as the Bolanyo senator threatened to stuff one of his fellow-townsmen, is a delicate question, involving personal acquaintance with Mr. Read. It is so "crazy" a patchwork that we would gladly believe it the clever affectation of a very young man to be in his anecdotage. To say that the story lacks organic unity would imply, perhaps unwarrantably, that it was not purposely constructed on that "hit-er-miss" plan which, according to Helen Hunt Jackson's Aunt Ri, controls all our lives, but which, nevertheless is notoriously inadmissible in anything that deserves the name of fiction. Mr Maurice Belford, the leading man of the National Dramatic Company, was blown into space from the deck of a Mississippi steamboat. He found himself, naturally enough, convalescing in Bolanyo. He also "tried to find his legs"—and found them. The other members of the company were no less lucky, being "all right—the most of them." It was the "biggest send-off" they had ever had. As the manager of an opera-house and a man of quick endearments, in a southern town where it was a crime even to be a stranger, Belford was soon in a position to contribute actively to his manufacturer's plot. This he steadily re-

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fuses to do till the very end, the bulk of the story consisting of the irrelevancies of other puppets who are introduced at the rate of, perhaps, one a chapter. Washington Smith, an educated negro with a hand "like the wing of a buzzard," when he is not parading his favourite tense, the future-perfect, is prying into the aqueously Platonic love of Belford for the married daughter of the senator. Bugg Peters and Joe Vark (names perhaps "aptly fitted," but we prefer the Smith) look in upon us often with their slouching figures. Unhappily for the stagnation which followed the explosion, the hero does not forget for a single moment to lock the door of his heart—nay, obedient to the dictates of hospitality, he bars even its windows. In the absence of any genuine sentiment, there remains little to delectate us but what the humourist of Belford's profession would call the "property laugh," evoked from the shattered company by time-worn jests in which the reader cannot join. The story concludes, however, with a dash—a dash along a squirrel track which ultimately runs up a tree. A newspaper scandal, a rush to pistols, a murder, a lynching interrupted by the woman in the case, an unaccompanied flight to Chicago, and an engagement there as cab-driver, are all compressed into the last fifty pages. Such congestion of the brain belies the summery, decorative dress in which Mr. Read's story is covered.

"BOBBO" AND OTHER FANCIES. By Thomas Wharton. New York: Harper & Bros. $1.50.

This slender volume contains the last and best literary work of a young man who left the law for journalism and died but a few months ago, at the age of thirty-seven, when a long-deferred and well-deserved success was almost within his grasp. In a prefatory memorial of his lamented friend, Mr. Owen Wister belabours Philadelphia for its "civic instinct of disparagement," and attributes Mr. Wharton's "isolation from his kind" in part to the local chill which his budding talent experienced. Why, pray, should not a Philadelphian be "torpid in approval"? Is not Boston, even, far more interested in prize fights than in tempering the wind to the shorn lambs of an inchoate literary genius? It seems to us that a man with so rare a touch of fantasy and so exquisite a capacity for absorbing the thought and sentiment of another age could have cared very little what Philadelphia, or any other city, thought of him, and that the few preliminary years of tentative effort and comparative failure in which he submitted his spirit to the influence of this or that master were the best possible preparation for achieving what he might have achieved had he lived. As it is, "Bobbo," than which, perhaps, M. Coppée has written no *conte* more polished, nor Mr. Lang *Ballades in Blue China* more delicately fragile, places the author well within that small circle of American writers who merit the name of artist. Droll and sprightly, it is yet suffused with a warmth which does not leave unsubstantial the stuff whereof such dreams are made. It partakes of the comedy favoured by Mr. Meredith, a comedy which reveals the weakness and lovableness of human nature even beneath the carnival paint of a Pierrot or a Punchinello. "The Last Sonnet of Prinzivalle di Cembino" is a clever little Italian romance in which Madonna Ghita is petulant and dreamily ecstatic by turns, and withal affords an abundance of tropical comfort to her gallant knight. In "Ratu Tanito's Wooing" the Princess Ekesa is obliged to submit to no test more searching than the question, when a woman should disobey her husband. She won the day by replying, "Never, O my father, save when he bids her leave him." "Old and New" deals facetiously with the stalking-horse of the new womanhood. The verses with which the volume closes, several of them translations of Villon, are restrained and suggestive. One can only regret that their author was not spared to cultivate his pretty talent for *fabliaux*.

CAPTAIN SHAYS, A POPULIST. By George R. R. Rivers. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $1.25.

> "My name is Shays,
> In former days
> In Pelham I did dwell, sir;
> I was obliged to quit that place
> Because I did rebel, sir."

While the Captain Shays of Mr. Rivers's documentation is not quite the comic-operatic figure suggested by these premonitory lines, he is altogether insignificant, fond of skulking about and picking quarrels, and doomed to the pose of a captured criminal rather than of a war prisoner when his awkward squad of several hundred rowdies and disgruntled farmers were compelled, "in the name of the commonwealth of Massachusetts," to lay down their arms. While the rebellion lasted there was much ill feeling against the rich merchants of Boston and Salem, the courts were closed, and business blocked. "God knows we ain't got freedom yet," said Deacon Smith to his daughter; "we are more slaves than before the war, and I sometimes wish we'd never gone through it." It is such a state of discontent and political hesitancy which Mr. Rivers has chosen as the frame of an old-fashioned love story, with the purpose of showing that the disposition of demagogues to array the masses against the classes is deep-rooted in American history. His portraiture of a young Boston lawyer who flashed his silver knee-buckles upon the gaze of the impoverished farmers and, despite the advice of his friends, fell in love with a dairymaid whose father, a red-haired, vituperative fellow, wondered why he didn't "take to some honest calling," is sufficiently good to detract from the interest of the historical background. The only flaw in his character is his fatalistic optimism on the occasion of the foreclosure of the mortgage on the farm owned by Ruth's father. Notwithstanding the fact that the sheriff had carried the belligerent tenant away in irons, the all but immaculate young lawyer consoled Ruth, who had just consented to be his wife, thus: "I don't think you need worry about him—that is, I don't think he'll be maltreated." Mr. Rivers has invented one truly novel situation. Out of the stimulated consciousness induced by a day of fellow-suffering and a night of dreams, in which each seemed to hear the other speaking, these two young people discovered the reality of their love. What with such a climax and its accessories, no particular piquancy attaches to the continuance, through fifty pages, of the populistic rebellion. The kite has too long a tail.

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THE KING OF THE MOUNTAINS. By Edmond About. New York: Rand, McNally & Co. $1.00.

The author of *The Man with the Broken Ear* is one of the French writers of several decades ago who, even since their demise, have received scant recognition in English-reading lands, because of the inadequacy or paucity of translations. Mrs. C. A. Kingsbury's version of *Le roi des Montaghes* is marred by many typographical inaccuracies, for which we suppose she was not responsible. "Voracity" is printed "veracity;" such un-Anglicised expressions as *table d'hôte* appear without italics (a font of type which can scarcely be dispensed with in a translation from the French), and usually without accents; and errors of punctuation and capitalisation are numerous. The translation itself is passably good, but would be improved, in our opinion, if the French names *Taygète*, *Erechthée*, *Locuste*, etc., were returned to their Latin or Greek forms, and if greater care were taken, as, for instance, in the appellation "Society for the Moralisation of Malefactors" in preserving the English idiom. Despite these trifling matters, the sum total of which is calculated to induce a *crise de nerfs* in the reader of ordinarily refined sensibilities, it is possible for an imagination attuned to the droll potentialities of opéra bouffe to enjoy the adventures of Hermann Schultz, the Hamburg botanist, among the brigands and fleas and garlic-scented maids of modern Greece. That he should have travelled so far to fall in love with Mary Ann, an English girl with eyes of the colour of Siberian garnets, a dimple in her left cheek, and skin (what French author ever omitted to describe a woman's skin?) of the finest texture and transparency, and have been assisted in his schemes for a rich marriage by Hadgi-Stavros, the King of the Mountains, to whom brigandage was both a speculation and a philanthropy, is, of course, not a whit more improbable than his rescue by one Harris, an American, who had been teacher, lawyer, journalist, miner, clerk, and was now commander of a despatch boat carrying sixty men and four cannon.

THE TOUCHSTONE OF LIFE. By Ella MacMahon. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. 75 cents.

This is a pleasant little story of a bastard son who refused to abrogate his feelings of honour at the price of three thousand a year, and within fifty pages of his emancipation from the disgrace of inheriting what he called the price of his mother's shame returned from the colony of New Britain a self-made millionaire, qualified to oppose the political ambitions of Lord Sithrington, the legitimate son, and to win from him the young woman who was going to marry him for the pleasure of having a coronet worked on the corner of her handkerchiefs. As Governor of New Britain Lord Sithrington was a target for the attacks of his brother's newspaper, and on the platform cut a sorry figure. Susan, who was of the opinion that the woman who jilted a man was no worthier than the man who jilted a woman, contented herself with modelling Clay, and contracting a union of souls with Clay, and bicycling a long distance in the dark to save Clay's life—until circumstances induced Clay to inform her *fiancé* of a plot to blow up Government House, whereupon Sitherington "went one better" and made over Susan to his rival. Despite the author's amateurish disposition to ruminate by the way and avail herself of old-time jests, she has written a readable, optimistic tale, placing her lovers on a reasonable basis of congeniality and showing well the invigoration of character which results from an act of self-sacrifice. Lady Honoria is better ticketed by the "wicked little wrinkles round the corners of her mouth" than by the constant mention of her Rabelaisian humour; and the journalist Arkwright is somewhat of a monstrosity, however faithfully he may have been drawn from life. The illustrations are in exceptional harmony with the text.

THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE.

CROMWELL'S PLACE IN HISTORY: FOUNDED ON SIX LECTURES DELIVERED IN THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD. By S. R. Gardiner, D.C. London and New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $1.00.

Without being eloquent, or picturesque, or epigrammatic, or paradoxical, Professor Gardiner holds your interest by the singular fairness which he displays on every page of this little book. To him Cromwell is something of a hero, but a hero who, as he tells you, failed in every great permanent result that he aimed to bring about as completely as he succeeded in attaining immediate and temporary ends. Such a very subdued form of hero-worship as is discernible in this careful, pondering analysis of the Protector's work is not likely to mislead any one. In fact, so much emphasis is laid on Cromwell's limitations and failures that he seems rather a sorry figure for a demigod when the author is done with him. With no gift whatever for constructive statesmanship, he accomplished only negative results.

"Hostile armies were not allowed to be victorious; kings were not to be allowed to wield absolute power in disregard of the condition of the time or the wishes of their subjects; Parliaments were not allowed to disregard public opinion; Irishmen were not allowed to establish a government hostile to England; foreign powers were not allowed to disregard the force of England."

In this destructive rôle he showed great qualities; but of his positive work very little survived him. No one has made a more careful study of this period, and no one has a better title to respect for fair dealing and accuracy in treating it than the author of *England During the Civil War;* but in his final estimate of Cromwell, Professor Gardiner does not seem consistent with himself. Being a good deal of a historian and nothing of a special pleader, he comes to a conclusion hardly justified by the moderate, balancing, conscientious spirit of what precedes. "It is time for us to regard him as he really was," he says at the end of the essay,

"with all his physical and moral audacity, with all his

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tenderness and spiritual yearnings, in the world of action what Shakespeare was in the world of thought, the greatest because the most typical Englishman of all time. This in the most enduring sense is Cromwell's place in history."

As there is no infallible dynamometer for measuring the strength of heroes, we ought not to quarrel with each other's superlatives. It is only in graduating essays that we find perfect certainty in the grading of geniuses. Among adults a dispute over the comparative greatness of men is more or less a dispute *de gustibus*. It is not, therefore, with the truth or falsity of Professor Gardiner's conclusion that our objection is concerned, but merely with its inconsistency with the idea which he himself gives us of the man.

The fairness and truthfulness of this essay appeal to us most strongly and a good deal is done in it to correct misapprehensions. For instance, the popular view of Cromwell as a harsh, tyrannical man employing radical measures by preference can hardly survive the reading of this book. If ever there was a man who suffered fools gladly, who sought to influence and persuade, and who was ready to get something tolerable done by consent rather than get something better done by forcing it on unwilling minds, that man was Cromwell.

To those, however, who with more reason accuse Cromwell of hypocrisy—of trying to conceal from others and possibly from himself the real nature of his very secular statecraft by the free use of sanctimonious phrases—the author gives no answer. This perhaps is the weakest point in the little volume.

HALLUCINATIONS AND ILLUSIONS. A Study of the Fallacies of Perception. By Edmund Parish. Contemporary Science Series. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.25.

A fairly complete review of the work of eminent scientists in this field of inquiry up till now can be obtained from this book, which, in its English form, is a considerable improvement on the German original, published three years ago. But Mr. Parish is not merely, and not very successfully, a populariser. His copious references to the principal works on the subject are of great use; but he is too much of a combatant to be the best exponent of other men's views. Indeed, it is for its own methods and its own propositions that the book is mainly valuable. The subject is of widespread interest, but we can promise the lover of eerie sensations no satisfaction from the treatment allotted to it here, which is on strictly scientific lines, and sometimes needlessly obscured by cumbrous and difficult terms. The matter, too, might be dealt with in a more orderly form. But the chief faults all regard the form. The writer has done more than any other on this subject to simplify the question by rasing to the ground clumsy barriers which marked no real distinctions. First of all, he does away with the old division between the illusions and hallucinations of the diseased and of the sane. He holds that "fallacious perception has nothing morbid in itself. The state that occasions it is not morbid. Of course, the underlying cause which induces the psychological state may be, and frequently is, pathological." The false perceptions of the sane and the insane follow the same laws. Likewise, though he still uses the terms "illusion" and "hallucination," it is not in the old sense, which regarded the things so named as different in origin and quality, but in a new one, which refers to the psychological character of the phenomena, and implies only a difference of systematic order.

He has arrived at his conclusions by what is popularly called materialistic methods, that is by physiology, and his success is a guarantee that physiology is a good guide along some part of the way. But the way traversed is as yet very short; and an attentive student of the results so far obtained, who is not a fanatic about physical science, must wonder if the scientists will not have to be helped out at some part of their career by others whom they now despise. At least, the weakest part of Mr. Parish's book is his criticism of the critics of the physiological method. Regarding the illusions of the sane, which, after all, are of the greatest interest to the most of us, touching, as they do, on the states of exaltation in which poets and prophets find inspiration, and more ordinary mortals, at least, vivid suggestions, the greatest lack is reliable evidence. The madman is truthful; but the sane man lies. Inventions and after-additions are constant in his record of illusory experience; and perhaps we shall never know very much of the strange workings of the mind till we force the lips to reveal the picture episodes of dreams, before the dreamer has the chance of forgetting or inventing. Yet even then the lips would lie with the clumsiness of all words. It may be mentioned that the question of dreams, a far too little considered one in science, is but slightly touched on here.

He is no toyer with the ideas of phantasms and portents. The evidence collected by the English Society for Psychical Research and the Munich Psychologische Gesellschaft has been carefully considered by Mr. Parish, and even respectfully; but his conclusion is always Not Proven. This amusing instance out of the Munich Collection is only, according to him, an exaggeration of the usual desperate attempts to connect striking events with each other: "I hereby certify that in May, 1888, my wife and I were awakened simultaneously by a loud noise, which sounded like the breaking of a glass door and the falling of the splinters. There was no such door in our house. I went to see what was amiss, but found everything as usual. Three weeks after my father-in-law died." All telepathic hallucinations he regards with distrust; those of clairvoyance he will not even examine. His attitude is that of the extreme scientific sceptic, who rejects and rejects evidence that does not respond to an almost ideal amount of certainty—a wholesome attitude of warning to persons who are only too easy to convince by statements if they happen to be put forward in scientific form or language. He touches probably on the right source of willing belief in phantasms when he speaks of the satisfaction of the dramatic sense. It is not evidence of immortality the popular mind demands in ghosts; a belief in them is only the sign of the love for a good story. But Mr. Parish, calling from his cold heights for absolute proof, is unconvinceable. And if his methods are right, he will remain so. This, the most popular part of his book, is useful in a negative way; but

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where he renders most service is in his clearing the whole subject of many unnatural and hindering distinctions, a process which always stimulates to fresh and freer investigation.

HANNIBAL. By W. O'Connor Morris. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.50.

In writing the life of Hannibal for the series of "Heroes of the Nations," Mr. Morris has had a difficult task. Practically we are wholly dependent for our information on Polybius and Livy, and their narratives have been reproduced, commented on, and criticised in so many histories, that little which is new can be said upon the subject. Every schoolboy, even though the knowledge of the average schoolboy is hardly what Macaulay supposes, knows the main outlines of the second Punic war, and they are on the whole definitely settled, while, on the other hand, as a biography, any account of Hannibal must suffer from the fact that "scarcely a phrase of his not a line of correspondence" is in existence. No one accepts as truth the prejudiced rhetoric of Livy—*inhumana crudelitas, perfidia plus quam Punica, nihil veri, nihil sancti, nullus Deum metus*—but the materials for forming a real estimate of his character are wanting. Mr. Morris, on his title-page, boldly describes him as "soldier, statesman, and patriot." The justice of the first epithet is beyond dispute; whether, however, the other two are equally deserved must always remain uncertain. Judged by the standard of success, his gigantic plans, in spite of his military achievements, proved a splendid failure and precipitated the ruin of his country, while in his estimate of the resisting power of Rome, of the value of his Macedonian alliance, and of the reinforcements he might look for from Carthage, he seems to have erred largely. As to his patriotism, Mr. Morris quotes Thiers, who describes him as offering "*le plus noble spectacle que puissent donner les hommes—celui du génie exempt de tout égoisme, et n'ayant qu'une passion, le patriotisme, dont il est le glorieux martyr*," but to determine the motives of great military leaders, to distinguish between personal ambition and the sense of public duty, is never an easy task, and in the case of Hannibal we possess no evidence at all sufficient for arriving at a decision.

It is as a master of the art of war that his name lives. "War was Hannibal's sphere; his exploits have, in all ages, claimed the attention of competent judges of the military art." His extraordinary power of moulding into a great army "a motley array of Phœnicians, Africans, Spaniards, and Gauls," and his surpassing strategic skill are exceedingly well exhibited in this book, the writer of which, so far as a layman can judge, seems to possess considerable technical knowledge of his subject, while in some cases, as in the remarks which he borrows from Captain Mahan's *Sea Power*, on the loss which Hannibal suffered from being unsupported by a fleet, he admirably supplements, though he cannot be said to supersede, the able narratives of Arnold and Mommsen. He has made excellent use, too, of the remarks on Hannibal which are to be found in the writings of Napoleon. That masterly intellect fully grasped the greatness of Hannibal and ranks him among the seven strategists whose campaigns ought to be carefully examined by all students of tactics.

OCCASIONAL PAPERS. Selected from the *Guardian*, the *Times*, and the *Saturday Review*, 1846-90. By the late R. W. Church, M.A., D.C.L. 2 vols. New York: The Macmillan Co. $3.00.

Lord Blachford has connected the name of Dean Church with the origin of the *Guardian*. When Newman joined Rome, and left those who had adhered to him, "headless, unorganised, suspected by others, and suspecting each other," it occurred to them that a newspaper might give them coherence and a medium of influence. James Mozley, Thomas Haddan, Church, Bernard, and Lord Blachford himself formed the original promoters and staff. Dean Church continued to be a regular weekly contributor both of reviews and articles until 1871. Between the years 1874 and 1880 he was not in sympathy with the line of policy taken by the *Guardian* in ecclesiastical affairs, and accordingly during that period he contributed only an occasional review; but subsequently he resumed his more constant support. The papers are not long, but they are quite worth exhuming from the files of inaccessible journals. Together they form a fairly complete survey of the literature of the past generation, passing in review Carlyle's *Cromwell*, Newman's *Apologia* and *Sermons*, Frederick Robertson's *Sermons*, *Ecce Homo*, Renan's various writings, Mark Pattison's *Essays*, Lecky's *History of European Morals*, Ranke's *History of the Popes*, and other books of mark. The judgments pronounced in these volumes cannot be said to be absolutely unbiassed. Dean Church was a man of ripe culture, but that he felt intensely appears in both his antipathies and his predilections. The note of partisanship which characterises so much of the writing of his school is probably due to the circumstances which brought its members together. But the same charm attaches to these papers as to all that the late Dean Church wrote. Of crudeness in form, of hastiness in expression, of carelessness in style, there is not a trace. Frequently there occur passages of remarkable grace and elevation; while the criticisms are throughout characterised by a singular particularity of analysis. Such papers should reassure the public that the reviewing of books is at least sometimes conscientiously done by competent hands. And all who have learned to recognise in Dean Church one of the masters in English style will give these fresh examples of his art a cordial welcome.

THE FIRST CROSSING OF SPITSBERGEN. By Sir W. M. Conway, F.R.G.S. With Contributions by J. W. Gregory, D.Sc., A. Trevor Battye, and E. J. Garwood. Illustrated. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $10.00.

This is a record of a journey that fulfilled its aim and something more. The main object of the explorers was to cross Spitsbergen and reveal the character of the interior, which was practically unknown. The island had never been crossed, though it had been described—most inaccurately, of course. The coast, which is familiar enough, was to be left alone. They carried out their plan, crossing from Advent Bay to Klok and Sassen bays, from Sassen to Agardh Bay, on

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the east coast, and back to Advent Bay. They surveyed nearly six hundred miles in the middle of the country, and some other strips of hilly land. They made thirteen mountain ascents; and the coast was not let alone, almost all the great fjords being entered in the "most complete voyage of reconnaissance ever accomplished in a single season." The scientific results are not yet recorded in detail. There is no question as to the geographical value of the journey. The plan of the mountain system of Spitsbergen, of its valleys, its rivers, and its glaciers, is now known, and all previous knowledge built on guess-work overturned. Succeeding travellers can only amplify, profiting by the experiments, mistakes, and experience of this expedition.

But we have been with Sir William Conway on more interesting enterprises. The island was under fog for most of the time of their visit, the summer of 1896, and some of the fog has got into the book. The ploughing through bogs and mud, the continuous, monotonous hardships, without the excitements that strike the imagination of a reader, make a rather dreary story—speaking as mere readers; and then most of us are men before we are geographers. Now and again we are made to feel a thrill and some understanding of the wonderful Arctic skies, which explorers who have had their pick of the effects of the world say are equalled nowhere else. But, on the whole, the actual information is the most entertaining thing presented to us—a sad thing to say of a book of travels. The pictures—we do not mean the coloured plates—are for the most part depressing, not at all enticing to the possible tourists that Sir William, in the interest of exploration and science, hopes will be drawn every summer to Spitsbergen by the Vesteraalen Steamship Company—general director, Captain Sverdrup. To sum up, this is an important and a dull book. But if it had been the most entertaining one imaginable, the publishers could not have done better for all its externals.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS. New York: Thomas Whittaker. $1.75.

If the "Apollo Poets," imported by Mr. Thomas Whittaker from the new English publishing house of Bliss, Sands and Company, are continued as they have been begun, they may well be called the premier series of reprints in England. Nothing equal to them has been published at the price. They are perfect in every detail, and *ought at once to sell by the* thousand. We cannot doubt that they will supersede all their rivals. The publishers have been particularly successful in producing books that are thoroughly tasteful and at the same time adapted to the needs of the multitude. The binding is in buckram and the decoration is both liberal and chaste in design. The printing has been done with great care, the paper is excellent, the size is convenient, and the volumes have a gilt top. In addition, the work of editing has been very conscientiously performed. We should prefer, for our part, an edition of Burns that was not complete, but those who think otherwise will find here what they want. They will also find a good chronology, a judicious selection of notes, an index, and a glossary. The highest credit should be given to the projectors of this spirited series.

THE BOOK MART.

For Bookreaders, Bookbuyers, and Booksellers.

EASTERN LETTER.

New York, September 1, 1897.

August to the retail dealer in books is the dullest month in the year; at no other time is trade in general so quiet. While the past month has been no exception to this rule, sales have kept up remarkably well owing to the unusual number of popular works of fiction in large demand. These have been practically the same as during July, with the notable addition of *The Christian*, by Hall Caine; *Jerome*, by Mary E. Wilkins, and *The Chevalier d'Auriac*, by S. L. Yeats. Other publications, while fairly numerous, have reached no considerable sale.

There is no diminution in the sales of *The Choir Invisible*, *Quo Vadis*, and *Soldiers of Fortune*, and these, as enumerated last month, are still followed by *Equality*, *The Martian*, *The Honourable Peter Stirling*, and the *House-Boat* books.

The publications on the Klondike region seem to be rather in excess of the demand, for while the calls for books on Alaska are still numerous the number of new books, maps, and guides is out of all proportion to the sales, at least in the East. *The Official Guide to the Klondike* and *Gold Fields of Alaska*, *Klondike*, by L. A. Coolidge, and *Golden Alaska*, by Ernest Ingersoll, are reliable works on the subject.

The school book season may now be said to have fairly commenced. Orders at present are mostly for the lower grades, those for the higher naturally coming later with the opening of the colleges and universities.

While fiction has monopolised the sales of the summer season there has been no lack of miscellaneous works published, and prominent among them has been a considerable number of biographies, including *The True Story of U. S. Grant*, by E. S. Brooks; *Hannibal*, by W. O'C. Morris; *Lady Hamilton and Lord Nelson*, by J. C. Jeaffreson, and *The Life and Adventures of Nat Foster*, by A. L. Curtiss-Byron; it is perhaps to be regretted that they do not find a larger circulation.

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The season of paper-bound books is now practically over, and, as noticed in previous letters, it has been rather a light one. At present the most popular titles are *A Colonial Free Lance*, by C. C. Hotchkiss; *Misanwy*, by A. Raine, and *Barbara Blomberg*, by G. M. Ebers.

Among the autumn announcements are some notable works of fiction, including *Captains Courageous*, by Rudyard Kipling; *Hugh Wynne*, by Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, and *In Kedar's Tents*, by Henry Seton Merriman. Religious subjects will be represented in a number of series of small books, such as "The Eternal Life Series," "The Precious Thoughts Series," and "The Perfected Life Booklets."

Illustrated editions will be numerous, such as *Quo Vadis; Morocco*, by De Amicis; *The Winning of the Northwest*, by Washington Irving; *Irish Idylls*, by Jane Barlow, and new drawings by Charles Dana Gibson and Frederic Remington.

The outlook for a busy season is undoubtedly good. The buyers, mostly from the South and West, already in town, speak encouragingly of the prospects in their localities.

The popular books of the month in their order of sale are as follows:

The Choir Invisible. By James Lane Allen. $1.50.
Quo Vadis. By Henryk Sienkiewicz. $2.00.
Soldiers of Fortune. By Richard Harding Davis. $1.50.
The Christian. By Hall Caine. $1.50.
Equality. By Edward Bellamy. $1.50.
The Martian. By George Du Maurier. $1.75.
Jerome. By Mary E. Wilkins. $1.50.
The House-Boat on the Styx. By John Kendrick Bangs. $1.25.
The Pursuit of the House-Boat. By John Kendrick Bangs. $1.25.
The Honourable Peter Stirling. By P. L. Ford. $1.50.
The Triumph of Death. By Gabriele D'Annunzio. $1.50.
The Sowers. By Henry Seton Merriman. $1.50.
The Chevalier d'Auriac. By S. Levett Yeats. $1.25.
The Massarenes. By Ouida. $1.25.
An Old Gentleman of the Black Stock. By Thomas Nelson Page. 75 cents.
Uncle Bernac. By A. Conan Doyle. $1.50.
Trix and Trixy. By John Habberton. 50 cents.

WESTERN LETTER.

CHICAGO, September 1, 1897.

A steady improvement in business appears to have taken place, and things are decidedly brighter than they were at this time last year. August business was as good as could reasonably be expected. Library business was brisk last month, and some good country orders were booked for autumn goods. The different series of twelvemos and sixteenmos were especially remarkable for the activity they have shown, and much interest is being manifested in forthcoming books.

Just a year ago silver was on everybody's tongue; now the pendulum has swung to the opposite side, and Klondike and its gold are the current topic. Publishers of the minor rank must be realising not a little benefit from this new craze, for a vast amount of Klondike literature has sprung up, and is at present occupying the most prominent place in nearly all the bookstores and bookstalls. Like most things of mushroom growth, much of this is worthless, having been gotten up simply to sell, and is for the most part a *rechauffé* of articles that have appeared in the daily press.

The Christian is having an extraordinary run, and is at present the most widely discussed book of the hour. Every one is reading it and talking about it, and for a month or two at least it will in all probability lead the van as a seller.

The Chevalier d'Auriac is a notable addition to historical fiction of the present fashionable kind. The work is enjoying a good sale, and it is interesting to notice that the demand for books of this class shows no signs of abatement. In fact, a good interesting historical novel with plenty of incident in it is about as easy to sell as anything nowadays.

The autumn announcements do not appear at first sight to be as heavy as last year, but as they are likely to be largely supplemented later on the probability is that the output will be quite up to the average. Several houses, notably Messrs. Scribner's Sons and Dodd, Mead and Company, have even larger lists than usual of valuable and interesting books, but many of the smaller houses are not doing much.

The demand for *The Choir Invisible* is keeping up well, especially in the country. It is a long time since the month of August has seen such popular books as *The Christian*, *The Choir Invisible*, *Soldiers of Fortune*, *Equality*, and *Quo Vadis*. The last named seems to be following in the wake of *Ben Hur*, having been preached about and widely recommended by the clergy. No better advertising than this can be given to a book.

Jerome, by Miss Wilkins, and *A Son of the Old Dominion*, by Mrs. Burton Harrison, were respectively the second and third best sellers among the August publications. Generally speaking, the rest of last month's books, though plentiful, were rather an indifferent lot.

The tendency with publishers this year seems to be to keep books back until late in the autumn, but it is hardly a wise one, for a book stands a much better chance if it is published early in the season, to say nothing of its being easier for the publisher to measure the probable holiday demand when the work has been out two or three months before Christmas.

The following books led the demand last month in the order named, and it may be added that the sale of each title was, for the time of the year, remarkable:

The Christian. By Hall Caine. $1.50.
The Choir Invisible. By James Lane Allen. $1.50.
Soldiers of Fortune. By R. H. Davis. $1.50.
Quo Vadis. By H. T. Sienkiewicz. $2.00.
Equality. By E. Bellamy. $1.25.
The Martian. By G. Du Maurier. $1.75.
Jerome. By Mary E. Wilkins. $1.50.
Hon. Peter Stirling. By Paul L. Ford. $1.50.
Pursuit of the House-Boat. By J. Kendrick Bangs. $1.25.

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The Law of Psychic Phenomena. By Thomson J. Hudson. $1.50.
A Rose of Yesterday. By F. Marion Crawford. $1.25.
The Chevalier d'Auriac. By S. L. Yeats. $1.25.
Menticulture. By Horace Fletcher. $1.00.
On the Face of the Waters. By Mrs. F. A. Steel. $1.50.
Sentimental Tommy. By J. M. Barrie. $1.50.
Uncle Bernac. By Conan Doyle. $1.50.

ENGLISH LETTER.

LONDON, July 26 to August 21, 1897.

The art and craft of the bookseller have not been in demand to a very large extent during the past month. The money spent by the holiday-making public does not find its way into the coffers of the needy bookseller. Still the dull season is nearly over for another year, and the reassembling of the schools, though a trifle late this year, will be the harbinger of busier times.

Trade outside the United Kingdom seems to be going on in a satisfactory manner, although the continued issue of colonial editions of the leading new books, at a comparatively nominal price, does not tend to help matters.

As may readily be imagined, *The Christian*, by Hall Caine, is the leading six-shilling novel. It is selling in very large numbers, and it needs to do so if the publisher is to be recouped the cost of the copyright, particulars of which have appeared in the press. This is the only six-shilling novel that calls for any comment.

The demand for Prince Ranjitsinhji's *Jubilee Book of Cricket* has shown in some measure the hold that the national game still has on the heart of the people. Several editions of the work have already been sold, the publishers being at times unable to supply the orders in hand.

For some reason or other, probably on account of the holidays, enquiries for theological literature are at a considerable discount. Books of this nature have nearly dropped out of the orders received for the present.

The Publishers' Association are still busy with the question of curtailing the discount on new books. It is difficult to see how they can prevent underselling unless they limit the output of books, which is doubtful, if not impossible.

A considerable quantity of magazines are still used every month. The *Quiver*, *Cassell's Magazine*, *Pearson's Magazine*, the *Strand Magazine*, the *Woman at Home*, the *Pall Mall Magazine*, and *Chambers's Journal* are among the principal favourites. There are few new periodicals being issued at present. These are usually more abundant earlier in the year.

The report for this month is really the most difficult one of the whole year to draw up as the trade generally presents so few features.

The appended list of new books gives a fair idea of the kind of literature that finds favour with the public for the moment. As usual the selections are based upon actual business done, and may be taken as correct:

The Christian. By Hall Caine. 6s.
The Jubilee Book of Cricket. By K. S. Ranjitsinhji. 6s.
Soldiers of Fortune. By R. H. Davis. 6s.
Equality. By E. Bellamy. 6s.
A Rose of Yesterday. By F. M. Crawford. 6s.
On the Face of the Waters. By F. A. Steel. 6s.
Flames. By R. Hichens. 6s.
The Massarenes. By Ouida. 6s.
Dracula. By B. Stoker. 6s.
The Fascination of the King. By G. Boothby. 6s.
Salted with Fire. By G. Macdonald. 6s.
The Rejuvenation of Miss Semaphore. By H. Godfrey. 3s. 6d.
The Indiscretion of the Duchess. By A. Hope. 3s. 6d.
While the Billy Boils. By H. Lawson. 5s.
Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. 4s. 6d. net.
Many Cargoes. By W. W. Jacob. 3s. 6d.
Mrs. Oliphant's Works. 2s. 6d. edition.
How Money Makes Money. By Duncans. 2s. 6d.
Life in Early Britain. By B. C. A. Windle. 3s. 6d.
The Ascent of Man. By H. Drummond. 3s. 6d.

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

New books in order of demand, as sold between August 1, 1897, and September 1, 1897.

We guarantee the authenticity of the following lists as supplied to us, each by leading booksellers in the towns named.

NEW YORK, UPTOWN.

1. Letters to an Unknown. By Mérimée. $1.25. (Brentano.)
2. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
3. The Choir Invisible. By Allen. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
4. The Massarenes. By Ouida. $1.25. (Fenno.)
5. Soldiers of Fortune. By Davis. $1.50. (Scribner.)
6. Chevalier d'Auriac. By Yeats. $1.25. (Longmans.)

NEW YORK, DOWNTOWN.

1. The Choir Invisible. By Allen. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
2. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
3. The Christian. By Caine. $1.50. (Appleton.)
4. Jerome. By Wilkins. $1.50. (Harper.)
5. Chevalier d'Auriac. By Yeats. $1.25. (Longmans.)
6. Soldiers of Fortune. By Davis. $1.50. (Scribner.)

ALBANY, N. Y.

1. The Choir Invisible. By Allen. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
2. Soldiers of Fortune. By Davis. $1.50. (Scribner.)

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3. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
4. Quest of the Golden Girl. By Le Gallienne. $1 50. (John Lane.)
5. Jerome. By Wilkins. $1.00. (Harper.)
6. Colonial Free-Lance. By Hotchkiss. 50 cts. (Appleton.)

ATLANTA, GA.

1. The Hon. Peter Stirling. By Ford. $1.50. (Holt.)
2. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
3. The Choir Invisible. By Allen. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
4. Soldiers of Fortune. By Davis. $1.50. (Scribner.)
5. A Rose of Yesterday. By Crawford. $1.25. (Macmillan.)
6. Chevalier d'Auriac. By Yeats. $1.25. (Longmans.)

BALTIMORE, MD.

1. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
2. Soldiers of Fortune. By Davis. $1.50. (Scribner.)
3. The Choir Invisible. By Allen. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
4. Old Gentleman of the Black Stock. By Page. 75 cts. (Scribner.)
5. The Hon. Peter Stirling. By Ford. $1.50. (Holt.)
6. The Christian. By Caine. $1.50. (Appleton.)

BOSTON, MASS.

1. The Choir Invisible. By Allen. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
2. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
3. The Christian. By Caine. $1.50. (Appleton.)
4. Soldiers of Fortune. By Davis. $1.50. (Scribner.)
5. Jerome. By Wilkins. $1.50. (Harper.)
6. Farthest North. By Nansen. $10.00. (Harper.)

BOSTON, MASS.

1. The Christian. By Caine. $1.50. (Appleton.)
2. Soldiers of Fortune. By Davis. $1.50. (Scribner.)
3. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
4. Farthest North. By Nansen. $10.00. (Harper.)
5. The Choir Invisible. By Allen. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
6. History of Our Own Times. Vol. III. By McCarthy. $1.75. (Harper.)

BUFFALO, N. Y.

1. Jerome. By Wilkins. $1.50. (Harper.)
2. The Choir Invisible. By Allen. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
3. The Christian. By Caine. $1.50. (Appleton.)
4. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
5. Equality. By Bellamy. $1.25. (Appleton.)
6. Lyrics of Lowly Life. By Dunbar. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. The Christian. By Caine. $1.50. (Appleton.)
2. The Choir Invisible. By Allen. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
3. Soldiers of Fortune. By Davis. $1.50. (Scribner.)
4. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. Little, Brown & Co.)
5. Equality. By Bellamy. $1.25. (Appleton.)
6. The Martian. By Du Maurier. $1.75. (Harper.)

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. Soldiers of Fortune. By Davis. $1.50. (Scribner.)
2. The Sowers. By Merriman. $1.25. (Harper.)
3. Bolanyo. By Read. $1.25. (Way & Williams.)
4. Pursuit of the House-Boat. By Bangs. $1.25. (Harper.)
5. The Choir Invisible. By Allen. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
6. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)

CINCINNATI, O.

1. The Choir Invisible. By Allen. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
2. The Christian. By Caine. $1.50. (Appleton.)
3. Soldiers of Fortune. By Davis. $1.50. (Scribner.)
4. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
5. Equality. By Bellamy. $1.25. (Appleton.)
6. The Hon. Peter Stirling. By Ford. $1.50. (Holt.)

CLEVELAND, O.

1. The Christian. By Caine. $1.50. (Appleton.)
2. Soldiers of Fortune. By Davis. $1.50. (Scribner.)
3. The Choir Invisible. By Allen. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
4. Equality. By Bellamy. $1.25. (Appleton.)
5. Jerome. By Wilkins. $1.50. (Harper.)
6. Trix and Trixie. By Habberton. 50 cts. (Altemus.)

DETROIT, MICH.

1. Soldiers of Fortune. By Davis. $1.50. (Scribner.)
2. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
3. Jerome. By Wilkins. $1.50. (Harper.)
4. The Choir Invisible. By Allen. $1.50. (Macmillan.)

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5. Pursuit of the House-Boat. By Bangs. $1.25. (Harper.)
6. The Martian. By Du Maurier. $1.75. (Harper.)

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

1. Soldiers of Fortune. By Davis. $1.50. (Scribner.)
2. The Choir Invisible. By Allen. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
3. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
4. Lads' Love. By Crockett. $1.50. (Appleton.)
5. The Martian. By Du Maurier. $1.75. (Harper.)
6. Equality. By Bellamy. $1.25. (Appleton.)

KANSAS CITY, MO.

1. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
2. The Christian. By Caine. $1.50. (Appleton.)
3. The Martian. By Du Maurier. $1.75. (Harper.)
4. The Choir Invisible. By Allen. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
5. Seats of the Mighty. By Parker. $1.50. (Appleton.)
6. King Noanett. By Stimson. $2.00. (Lamson, Wolffe & Co.)

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

1. The Choir Invisible. By Allen. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
2. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
3. The Martian. By Du Maurier. $1.75. (Harper.)
4. Soldiers of Fortune. By Davis. $1.50. (Scribner.)
5. Pursuit of the House-Boat. By Bangs. $1.25. (Harper.)
6. The Descendant. By Glasgow. $1.25. (Harper.)

LOUISVILLE, KY.

1. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
2. The Choir Invisible. By Allen. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
3. Equality. By Bellamy. $1.25. (Appleton.)
4. The Martian. By Du Maurier. $1.75. (Harper.)
5. Soldiers of Fortune. By Davis. $1.50. (Scribner.)
6. The Hon. Peter Stirling. By Ford. $1.50. (Holt.)

OMAHA, NEB.

1. Soldiers of Fortune. By Davis. $1.50. (Scribner.)
2. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
3. The Choir Invisible. By Allen. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
4. Pursuit of the House-Boat. By Bangs. $1.25. (Harper.)
5. The Hon. Peter Stirling. By Ford. $1.50. (Holt.)
6. The Martian. By Du Maurier. $1.75. (Harper.)

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

1. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
2. Pursuit of the House-Boat. By Bangs. $1.25. (Harper.)
3. Martian. By Du Maurier. $1.75. (Harper.)
4. Rose of Yesterday. By Crawford. $1.25. (Macmillan.)
5. Soldiers of Fortune. By Davis. $1.50. (Scribner.)
6. The Choir Invisible. By Allen. $1.50. (Macmillan.)

PITTSBURG, PA.

1. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
2. The Choir Invisible. By Allen. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
3. The Martian. By Du Maurier. $1.75. (Harper.)
4. The Christian. By Caine. $1.50. (Appleton.)
5. Chevalier d'Auriac. By Yeats. $1.25. (Longmans.)
6. Soldiers of Fortune. By Davis. $1.50. (Scribner.)

PORTLAND, ORE.

1. Equality. By Bellamy. $1.25. (Appleton.)
2. The Martian. By Du Maurier. $1.75. (Harper.)
3. Land of the Snow Pearls. By Higginson. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
4. Soldiers of Fortune. By Davis. $1.50. (Scribner.)
5. Jerome. By Wilkins. $1.50. (Harper.)
6. Wolfville. By Lewis. $1.50. (Stokes.)

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

1. Jerome. By Wilkins. $1.50. (Harper.)
2. The Christian. By Caine. $1.50. (Appleton.)
3. Equality. By Bellamy. $1.25. (Appleton.)
4. The Choir Invisible. By Allen. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
5. Soldiers of Fortune. By Davis. $1.50. (Scribner.)
6. The Martian. By Du Maurier. $1.75. (Harper.)

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

1. The Choir Invisible. By Allen. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
2. The Christian. By Caine. $1.50. (Appleton.)
3. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
4. Jerome. By Wilkins. $1.50. (Harper.)
5. Chevalier D'Auriac. By Yeats. $1.25. (Longmans.)
6. Pursuit of the House-Boat. By Bangs. $1.25. (Harper.)

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SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

1. The Choir Invisible. By Allen. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
2. Soldiers of Fortune. By Davis. $1.50. (Scribner.)
3. A Kentucky Cardinal. By Allen. $1.00. (Harper.)
4. Checkers. By Blossom. $1.25. (Stone.)
5. Pursuit of the House-Boat. By Bangs. $1.25. (Harper.)
6. A Rose of Yesterday. By Crawford. $1.25. (Macmillan.)

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

1. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
2. Many Cargoes. By Jacobs. $1.00. (Stokes.)
3. The Christian. By Caine. $1.50. (Appleton.)
4. Soldiers of Fortune. By Davis. $1.50. (Scribner.)
5. The Choir Invisible. By Allen. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
6. Wolfville. By Lewis. $1.50. (Stokes.)

ST. LOUIS, MO.

1. The Choir Invisible. By Allen. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
2. Soldiers of Fortune. By Davis. $1.50. (Scribner.)
3. The Christian. By Caine. $1.50. (Appleton.)
4. Wolfville. By Lewis. $1.50. (Stokes.)
5. Uncle Bernac. By Doyle. $1.50. (Appleton.)
6. Pursuit of the House-Boat. By Bangs. $1.25. (Harper.)

ST. PAUL, MINN.

1. The Choir Invisible. By Allen. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
2. Chevalier d'Auriac. By Yeats. $1.25. (Longmans.)
3. Soldiers of Fortune. By Davis. $1.50. (Scribner.)
4. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
5. The Christian. By Caine. $1.50. (Appleton.)
6. The Gray Lady. By Merriman. $1.25. (Macmillan.)

TOLEDO, O.

1. The Christian. By Caine. $1.50. (Appleton.)
2. The Choir Invisible. By Allen. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
3. Equality. By Bellamy. $1.25. (Appleton.)
4. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
5. Jerome. By Wilkins. $1.50. (Harper.)
6. Spanish Castles by the Rhine. By Foster. 75 cts. (Holt.)

TORONTO, CANADA.

1. * Soldiers of Fortune. By Davis. Paper, 75 cts.; cloth, $1.25. (The Copp-Clark Co., Limited.)
2. * The Martian. By Du Maurier. Paper, 75 cts.; cloth, $1.25. (The Copp-Clark Co., Limited.)
3. Chevalier d'Auriac. By Yeats. Paper, 75 cts.; cloth, $1.25. (Longman's Colonial Edition.)
4. * In Kedar's Tents. By Merriman. Paper, 75 cts.; cloth, $1.25. (The Copp-Clark Co., Limited.)
5. * Seats of the Mighty. By Parker. Paper, 75 cts.; cloth, $1.25. (The Copp-Clark Co., Limited.)
6. Uncle Bernac. By Doyle. Paper, 75 cts.; cloth, $1.25. (Bell's Colonial Edition.)

TORONTO, CANADA.

1. * The Christian. By Caine. 75 cts. and $1.50. (Morang.)
2. * In Kedar's Tents. By Merriman. 75 cts. and $1.25. (The Copp-Clark Co.)
3. † Farthest North. By Nansen. $1.50 and $2.00 per set. (Harper.)
4. * The Martian. By Du Maurier. 75 cts. and $1.25. (The Copp-Clark Co.)
5. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
6. * Equality. By Bellamy. 75 cts. and $1.25. (Morang.)

WACO, TEXAS.

1. The Martian. By Du Maurier. $1.75. (Harper.)
2. The Well Beloved. By Hardy. $1.50. (Harper.)
3. Soldiers of Fortune. By Davis. $1.50. (Scribner.)
4. The Choir Invisible. By Allen. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
5. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
6. A Rose of Yesterday. By Crawford. $1.25. (Macmillan.)

WORCESTER, MASS.

1. Soldiers of Fortune. By Davis. $1.50. (Scribner.)
2. The Choir Invisible. By Allen. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
3. Jerome. By Wilkins. $1.50. (Harper.)
4. The Christian. By Caine. $1.50. (Appleton.)
5. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
6. Pursuit of the House-Boat. By Bangs. $1.25. (Harper.)

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